

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 441

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 441 In Front Of The Kid

Amelia grabbed Tony's shoulder and said sternly, "Tony, please stop crying. Listen to me."

Tony stopped crying instantly, intimidated by Amelia's gesture. "Mommy."

"Tony, you have been smarter than other kids since you were small. I have always been proud of you. But ever since you came back from Beshya, you have been behaving rudely. Is that how I taught you to behave? How could you be so inconsiderate? Do you want to break my heart?" Amelia asked.

She tried to put on a strict face, but her heart was twitching in pain.

As Tony stared at Amelia, his eyes were beaming with tears, he felt that he had been wronged.

Oscar walked over to Amelia and hugged her. "All right. That's enough. Please calm down. It takes time to educate a kid. Please don't be mad."

Amelia buried her head into his chest and began to sob.

Oscar's expression darkened as he felt bad for Amelia. He caressed Amelia's hair and coaxed. "Be good. Please don't cry. Let's eat first. I'll educate him later."

Tony also panicked as he ran to hug Amelia's leg. "Mommy, I promise I won't be like this anymore. Please don't ignore me."

Amelia got out of Oscar's embrace and wiped off her tears. Then, she carried Tony and wiped his tears. "Tony, I'm sorry. I overreacted. Please don't be scared of me, okay?"

"Are you still mad at me?"

Amelia shook her head and placed him back in his chair. Then, she took a bowl of soup for him. "I'm not mad anymore. But what should you do after being rude to Daddy?"

Tony stared at Oscar indignantly. "Big Meanie, I'm sorry. I shouldn't throw food at you. Please forgive me and I won't do it again."

Oscar approached him and rubbed his head. "Let's eat."

With that, the three of them continued their dinner silently. What was supposed to be warm family time was replaced by awkward silence. It was the first time Tony did not speak much during mealtime. While eating, he lifted his head to observe Amelia's expression, fearing that the latter might still be mad at him.

Amelia's dark expression shocked him just now. He nearly thought Amelia had given up on him for a brief moment.

After diner, Amelia was washing the dish quietly. Tony showed up behind her. "Mommy, it's my fault. Please don't abandon me."

Upon hearing that, Amelia paused her chores. She turned around and knelt in front of Tony. "Tony, you're my son. I won't abandon you no matter what happens."

Tony buried his head into Amelia's embrace and cried. "Mommy, Grandma told me today that you sent me there because you planned to leave me to her. That was why I was angry with Big Meanie. I want to live with you and not him. If you marry someone else, please bring me too, okay? I can't live without you."

Amelia felt a pang of sadness within her heart.

"Did Grandma tell you that?" she asked in a raspy voice.

Tony nodded.

"She has told me more than once. At first, I didn't believe her, but she kept saying that you would marry another man one day. By then, I would become your burden. I don't know what that means, but I want to be with you," Tony uttered childishly.

An inexplicable sadness came over Amelia. She had been trying her best to mend the relationship between Tony and Olivia, but the latter did not seem to appreciate her effort. She had not stopped fabricating lies even after getting caught once.

Amelia's guilt toward Olivia was replaced with utter rage at that moment.

"Tony, what else did Grandma tell you?" Amelia asked patiently.

"Grandma said that I would have a new mother and a new father, and I would be living with them," Tony revealed everything.

"Anything else?"

"Grandma said that you sent me to her because you didn't want me anymore. Is that true?"

Amelia's expression changed, and her heart was filled with mixed feelings.

“Mommy, I will be good from now on. Please don’t leave me.” Tony wrapped his hands around Amelia’s neck and kissed her nose. “Mommy, I don’t want to go there anymore tomorrow. I don’t like them. They keep saying bad things about you, and I don’t like that.”

Suppressing the dissatisfaction in her heart, Amelia kissed Tony’s forehead. “Tony, Grandma was kidding around with you. She probably threatened you because she wanted you to be good.”

Tony stared at Amelia in disbelief. “Mommy, you’re lying.”

Amelia kissed him gently. “Have I ever lied to you?”

“No, you didn’t, but you will,” Tony pouted. “You always push me to others even when I don’t like it.”

Upon hearing that, Amelia could not help but feel a tinge of sadness.

Indeed, Tony was too young to comprehend her reason for doing all this.

Amelia carried Tony silently and went to the bedroom. Then, she looked him in the eyes. “Tony, I did all this for your good. You’re the eldest grandson of the Clintons. So you bear the biggest responsibilities. Whether you like it or not, you have to endure it.”

Tony tilted his head, somehow confused with what Amelia said.

Amelia lifted her hand and patted Tony’s head gently. “It’s okay if you don’t understand now. One day, you will understand my effort. Come on. Let’s take a shower. I’ll tuck you in bed and tell you a story before you sleep.”

Tony coaxed, “Mommy, can you sleep with me tonight? It’s been a long time since I slept with you.” She’s been taken by Big Meanie and I don’t like that.

Amelia gladly agreed to it.

Tony clapped in delight and kissed Amelia’s cheek firmly.

After Tony dozed off, Amelia went downstairs and sat beside Oscar.

Oscar asked, “Is he asleep?”

Amelia nodded.

Oscar asked again, “Do you want some wine? It helps to have good sleep.”

“All right.”

Oscar stood up and got a bottle of wine that he had bought recently. He poured some into a glass, shook it slightly, and handed it to Amelia.

Amelia took a sip of it.

“Oscar, I want to talk to Dad and Mom,” she uttered right after.

Oscar knew what she wanted to talk about. “Leave it to me.”

Amelia leaned at his shoulder. “Oscar, I don’t want to quarrel with Dad and Mom, and I don’t want to think badly of them. I know it was my fault for leaving with Tony back then. I can accept the fact that she blames me. Despite so, she should not talk nonsense in front of the kid. Tony will believe everything she says. Mom should know the negative impact on a child being told that he will be abandoned by his parents.”

Oscar’s gaze darkened, somehow displeased with Olivia’s deeds.

He caressed Amelia’s hair gently. “I’ll talk to her about this. Please don’t go and see her, or she would be displeased.”

Amelia heaved a sigh as there was nothing she could do.

She did not know since her relationship with Olivia had become so tense. She feared she would not have the chance to get along with her ever again.

She never wanted to have a lousy relationship with Olivia. Yet, things turned out to be precisely that. She had no idea if this shattered relationship could ever be mended.

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Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 442 Difficult Relationship

That night was one destined to be filled with wild thoughts. As Amelia lay on the bed and rested her head on Oscar’s head, she closed her eyes. However, her mind was overrun with messy thoughts.

She tossed around slightly, finding it hard to fall asleep.

She opened her eyes and closed them again repeatedly. However, the more she did that, the more awake she became. There was not a hint of sleepiness within her.

Oscar turned around, held the back of Amelia’s head and forced her to lean closer to him.

“You can’t fall asleep?” asked Oscar softly.

Raising her head from his arms, Amelia asked apologetically, “Did I wake you up?”

Oscar opened his eyes and replied, “No. If you can’t sleep, let’s talk.”

Smiling, Amelia said, “Go to sleep. You still have work tomorrow! I just can’t fall asleep because of some issues weighing on my mind. Since you’re planning to stay awake because of me, I’ve figured everything out. Sleep now!”

“You silly girl,” mumbled Oscar with a sigh, though his eyes were filled with affection. “You always choose to shoulder all your burdens alone. Don’t forget that I’m your man! I can split the load and bear it with you.”

Amelia hugged his waist and whispered, “I know.”

“You do, but even when something happens, you still choose to face it alone. Sometimes, I wish that you can rely on me more. It’ll make me feel more accomplished too.” Oscar sighed, but his tone was filled with affection. “When I married you, I was really satisfied with how untroublesome and independent you were. You had never made me worry. However, my attitude is now different. I wish that you’d rely on me more. This is probably the difference between loving and not loving someone.”

Amelia’s heart skipped a beat. She did not realize that Oscar had so many thoughts on his mind.

“I’m sorry.”

Sighing, Oscar stroked her forehead and said, “I’m not trying to blame you. I just want you to rely on me willingly when you’re tired, instead of shouldering everything on your own.”

“Okay,” promised Amelia solemnly after a long time.

Oscar kissed her forehead and said, “Get some sleep.”

Burying her head against his chest, Amelia felt relieved and quickly fell asleep. While Oscar gazed at her sleeping face, a smile formed on his lips. He hugged her tightly and fell asleep too.

After eating breakfast the next morning, Oscar planted a kiss on Amelia’s lips and said, “Go to work and I’ll send Tony to the Clinton residence. Don’t worry, I’ll settle this properly.”

Amelia was slightly hesitant. “Why don’t I go with you?”

“It’s fine.”

“Are you sure that you can do it on your own?”

“Trust me.”

Amelia had no choice but to agree.

The family of three went downstairs. Still worried, Amelia reminded Tony, “Tony, listen to Daddy and don’t kick up a fuss, okay? Otherwise, I’ll be really sad.”

Tony raised his head and glanced at Oscar.

“Okay, Mommy,” replied Tony as he pouted.

“I’m going to work now. We’ll bring you to the amusement park on Saturday,” promised Amelia.

Tony grabbed her pinky. As if he was afraid that she would be angry, he whispered, “Mommy, can we ask Daddy to come too? I haven’t seen him for so many days and I miss him a lot.”

Amelia was stunned. People often said that kids were playful and forgetful, but she did not expect Tony to be so reliant on Kurt. Even though they were not biologically related, their relationship was very intimate.

Amelia glanced at Oscar. Understanding the look in her eyes, he spoke up on her behalf, “Tony, your godfather is away to help me with work. He’ll come back a few days later. I promise you that I’ll ask him to take you to the amusement park after he returns, okay? It’ll just be the two of you and you can enjoy yourself to your heart’s content! How’s that?”

“Mommy too!” Tony tried to negotiate.

Oscar hugged Amelia and replied, “Your mommy’s mine, so she can’t go. If you continue negotiating, I’ll make sure that you won’t see your godfather ever again.”

Tony stared back at Oscar. Eventually succumbing to his threats, then he entered the car with his head drooped.

Amelia glanced at him worriedly and asked, “Oscar, are we too harsh on Tony? He’s just a child.”

“Don’t worry. This is something that he has to go through. Since I’ve been missing for two years of his childhood, it’s reasonable that he’s not close to me. However, blood is thicker than water. One day, he’ll see me as his hero,” reassured Oscar confidently.

Amelia chuckled.

“Oscar, I’ve never realized how shameless you can be.”

“If I’m not shameless, would you have fallen in love with me?”

Amelia found herself at a loss for words.

“Go to work! I’ll send Tony over. After attending a meeting on one of the company’s projects, I’ll be done with work. I’ll take you and Tony out to a new restaurant for dinner tonight. The dishes are pretty authentic, so both of you will probably like it,” said Oscar.

“Be careful on your way there. I’m going now. “

After Amelia left, Oscar drove away too.

During the drive, Tony leaned forward to the front seats and said sulkily, “Big Meanie, I’m only listening to you because I don’t want Mommy to be angry or sad. Don’t think that I like you!”

“That’s what I thought too. As expected of father and son! Even our thoughts are the same.”

Pouting, Tony snorted and asked, “Why don’t you like me, Big Meanie? Mommy said that you like me a lot.”

Oscar chuckled. It was the first time someone dared to talk to him like that, and it was his two-year-old son.

As expected of my son! He’s bold enough.

“Since you hate me, why should I like you? Liking someone should be mutual.”

“But I’m your son!”

“I thought that you don’t acknowledge me as your father?”

Tony panicked. “Big Meanie, I’m the only one who’s allowed to dislike you. You can’t do that to me, or I’ll tell Mommy.”

Oscar teased mockingly, “Tony, why are you being so naggy like a girl? You only know how to make complaints. That’s not like my son.”

Furious, Tony puffed out his cheeks and rebuked indignantly, “I’m a little masculine man, not a girl!”

Oscar could not help but marvel at how smart his son was. Despite only being two years old, he knew a lot of words. Sometimes, he was so smart that others would forget that he was only two. However, when he acted up stubbornly, Oscar would still feel an urge to beat him up.

“If you’re a small man, you wouldn’t have been unable to appease your grandma. You even needed me to intervene! Not only that, but you also made your mommy sad. I look down on you, Tony,” Oscar provoked him on purpose.

As expected, his provocation worked. Tony sat up and declared, “That’s not true! I just don’t want to get closer to Grandma because I hate it when she talks bad about Mommy!”

“In that case, you should try to be closer to your grandma. As long as you make her happy, she’ll like your mommy.”

“Really?”

“Of course. I love your mommy! Have I ever hurt her?”

After thinking about it carefully, Tony said in a child-like voice, “I’ll believe you this time. However, will Mommy be sad if she sees that I’m on good terms with Grandma?”

“As long as you don’t forget her, she won’t be sad.”

With that, Tony felt relieved.

Oscar drove to the Clinton residence and parked the car.

He brought Tony to the main building, where Olivia and Owen were already waiting. After retiring from Clinton Corporations, Owen had nothing else to do except to keep Olivia company. As he had been too busy when he was younger, he gave in to all of her wishes now that he was free. He could not bear to oppose her at all.

“Grandma!” greeted Tony affectionately as he dashed over to Olivia upon spotting her.

When Olivia squatted down, Tony pounced into her arms and kissed her cheeks. Even she was stunned by his actions.

In a daze, she let Tony kiss her continuously.

One had to admit that Tony was extremely sweet when he was trying to appease someone. Olivia was completely taken in by him.

“I miss you so much, Grandma!”

Olivia was shocked by his sudden affection when she heard that.

Even though Tony had returned for a long time, he was still not close to his grandmother. When he was sent over yesterday, he would rather play alone than go near her. To be honest, she felt a bit upset and disliked Amelia even more. If she had not snatched Tony away so recklessly, he would not have been so distant toward Olivia like a stranger.

Since Olivia felt upset, she could not help but tell Tony lies about Amelia to defame her.

“I miss you too, my dear grandson. You’re so sweet today! I love you so much when you’re like this!”

“Grandma, since I’m so nice to you, don’t you have to like Mommy too?” Tony brought that up during the most inappropriate time.

The smile on Olivia’s face faded slightly.

She glanced at Oscar and asked, “Aren’t you going to work, Oscar?”

“Mom, I sent Tony over today because I wanted to talk to you.”

“Come in, then.”

Carrying Tony, Olivia and Owen entered the house first.

After instructing a maid to play with Tony, Olivia asked, “Are you here to speak up on behalf of that woman?”

“Mom, she’s the woman I love and your daughter-in-law. I hope that you can respect her more,” said Oscar solemnly.

Olivia scoffed in fury.

“I’m really curious what kind of spell Amelia has cast on you and Tony. Both of you are so obsessed with her! You don’t even listen to your mother anymore. Tony’s learned how to appease me just for the sake of his mother! I really don’t know what kind of nonsense she’s been saying to you,” mocked Olivia as she took the cup of tea from the maid.

A hint of exasperation flashed across Oscar’s eyes.

“Mom, I’m here to talk to you today. Can you stop saying bad things about Amelia in front of Tony? He’s a young child who hasn’t developed a clear sense of right and wrong yet. If you keep saying things like that, he might believe you and alienate himself from his mother. It might even traumatize him! You don’t want him to think that he’s a

child abandoned by his mother, right?” Oscar sat up straight, looking like he was there for negotiation.

Olivia felt hurt when she saw that.

“Are you blaming me, Oscar?” Olivia did not want her relationship with Oscar to worsen just because of this. However, she was upset that Amelia’s influence on her son was so great that he was starting to disobey her.

The more biased Oscar was, the more displeased Olivia was with Amelia.

In other words, she was jealous that Amelia could win all of Oscar’s love and trust.

This was why it was always difficult to tackle the relationship between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law. Meanwhile, Oscar was stuck in the middle, trying to navigate between being a mediator and a traitor.

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Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 443 You Are The Key

“That’s not what I mean, Mom. I’m saying that you shouldn’t run your mouth like that in front of a child. You’ve always been very understanding. You don’t want your grandson to feel hurt, right?” explained Oscar calmly.

Fury surfaced in Olivia’s eyes as she chided, “You’ve disappointed me, Oscar. I’m doing everything for your own sake, but here you are, scolding me for it. I’ve given birth to you for nothing!”

Oscar gazed at her quietly.

“Go to work. There’s nothing for us to talk about anymore.”

“Mom...” Oscar called out exasperatedly.

“Leave now!” instructed Olivia sternly.

Feeling slightly angry too, Oscar stood up from the sofa. “You’re unbelievable, Mom. You didn’t use to be like this.”

Olivia leaped up from the sofa furiously too. Placing a hand over her chest subconsciously, she huffed and yelled, “Look at how insolent you are! Are you going to anger me like that just for a woman?”

Owen stood up and patted her back. He consoled gently, "Olivia, calm down. Don't get too agitated."

Olivia took a few deep breaths before calming down. However, her chest still hurt vaguely.

Her health had been deteriorating for the past two years. Although she still maintained her beauty, she was over sixty years old. Now that she had aged, her body would ache whenever her temper rose.

A hint of guilt appeared in Oscar's eyes as he lowered his head and apologized, "I'm sorry, Mom."

Olivia shot Oscar a complex look. Due to Amelia, their relationship had fallen to rock bottom. Although she did not want to fall out with her son, she felt uncomfortable whenever she saw how protective Oscar was toward Amelia. That was why she would blurt out those irrational words.

Olivia sighed, feeling quite upset. She had personally pushed Oscar further away from her.

After catching her breath, Olivia said, "Oscar, I don't want to argue with you. You're the most important person to me. I have dedicated all my efforts to you and you've never disappointed me. Are you going to make me so sad just for a woman?"

Oscar lowered his head. After a moment of silence, he asserted, "Mom, I love her. It's so rare for me to love someone so much. For my sake, can you drop your prejudice toward her? This is my only wish. You loved her so much back then! Is it so hard to love her again?"

Olivia glared at him resentfully.

"After saying all that, you're still unwilling to give up on that woman for my sake, right?" demanded Olivia angrily.

"Mom, I love her. I'll never give her up," declared Oscar with equal firmness.

Olivia smirked coldly. "As expected of my son! You're just as obsessed as your father. However, even though your father loves me, he was still very filial to your grandma when she was still alive. He did not even dare to say a single word back to her! On the other hand, you keep retorting me. You probably want me to die as soon as possible, right?"

Frowning, Oscar raised his head and glanced at Olivia.

He had no idea how their conversation deviated so much.

To be honest, he was quite upset too.

He respected his parents a lot. Regardless of how assertive he was to others or in business negotiations, he genuinely respected Olivia. However, they were arguing with each other for the sake of a woman. This was not the outcome he wanted.

“Mom, calm down,” coaxed Oscar.

Olivia waved her hands and said, “Go to work. If we continue talking, I’m afraid that we’ll keep arguing. You are very important to me. I don’t want you to be the one who’ll hurt me the most.”

Oscar pursed his lips. A grim look flashed across his eyes as he took a deep breath.

“Go now! Will you be happy only after you drive me mad?” screamed Olivia, losing control over herself.

Eventually, Oscar left.

“Why are you doing this?” Owen sighed before continuing, “I’ll go out and talk to Oscar for a while.” With that, he left. Olivia slumped onto the sofa and breathed in deeply with her hand over her chest.

“Oscar!” Owen walked out and called out to Oscar.

He stopped in his tracks and turned around. “Dad.”

Owen walked to him and patted his shoulder. “Don’t blame your mother. She grew up in a wealthy family and had a good relationship with my parents after marrying me. Since I’ve always doted on her, she has never suffered any grievances. When Amelia married you for those five years, your mother really showered her with love. Hence, when Amelia left with Tony without any notice, she felt furious and hurt. That’s why her attitude toward Amelia is so extreme. When she likes someone, she will put her all into liking the person. Similarly, if she decides to hate someone, it is difficult to change her mind. If you convince your mother slowly, she might start to understand. However, if you keep talking back to her just to defend Amelia, she’ll just hate her even more. “

Owen was still rational.

Although he was a quiet man, he had always been the calmest. That was why the family was always harmonious.

“Sorry, Dad,” apologized Oscar.

Owen patted his shoulder and said, "You don't have to apologize to me. All you have to do is to appease your mother. You're her most precious son, so she can't bear to make you feel sad too."

Oscar fell into deep thought when he heard that.

"Dad, I'll try my best to improve her relationship with Amelia," promised Oscar.

After thinking about it, Owen asked, "Is she the only woman you want?"

"Dad, I love her a lot." Meeting Owen's gaze directly, Oscar asserted, "Dad, you've been in my shoes before. You love Mom equally deeply, so you should understand how I feel. Once you love someone, you no longer care about her family background or work. All you want to do is to give her your everything, just so she can live happily."

Owen had personally witnessed Oscar's changes over the past few years. Actually, he did not oppose Amelia's return. However, since Olivia's attitude was so firm, he could not relent so easily.

"If your mom agrees, I have nothing else to say," relented Owen.

"Thank you, Dad."

"Don't thank me so early. My stance is still the same—your mom's attitude is mine."

Oscar nodded.

After Oscar left, Owen returned to the house.

Olivia was sitting on the sofa and fuming alone. Owen walked over and said, "Olivia, Oscar is already over thirty years old. What's the point of getting mad at him? Both of you will be unhappy that way."

Olivia glanced at him from the corners of her eyes.

"Are you blaming me for being unreasonable too?"

Owen sighed.

"Olivia, you know that that's not what I mean. Your stance represents mine. I just want to remind you about how Oscar's life has been for the past few years. It's undeniable that he loves Amelia. Do you really want to force Amelia to leave and make your son become a workaholic again? Or do you want him to drown his sorrows in alcohol? I'm sure you want neither of that, right?" Owen hit the nail on the head.

"You..."

"I'm not trying to chastise you, Olivia. I want you to calm down and consider whether your son's happiness or your mood is more important."

Olivia fell silent.

Owen continued, "Of course, if you don't like Amelia, I have ways to stop her from marrying into the family. However, considering Oscar's personality, I'm afraid that he'll give up on his current life and start anew. In that case, you'll not only lose your son but also your grandson."

"He won't dare to!" rebuked Olivia furiously.

Owen shook his head.

After she had a meltdown, Olivia was starting to calm down. She was also afraid that Oscar would give up on his life in the Clinton family and start anew. If so, she would certainly lose both her son and grandson.

Sighing, she lamented, "Forget it. I'm getting old and can't meddle with my children's affairs anymore. However, let me make myself clear. I don't want to intervene in their matters, but if Amelia wishes to marry into the Clintons again, I'll never agree. If Oscar dares to leave, I'll commit suicide. I don't believe that he'll ignore his own mother's life."

Owen sighed too. "Why must you do this, Olivia?"

"Owen, this is an unresolvable grudge within me. It's very hard for me to like her again." Olivia explained, "When she left with Tony, she really hurt my feelings. Whenever I see Tony trying to win my favor for her sake, my heart would ache terribly, as if someone was piercing it with a needle."

"Tony is still young."

"That's why I feel so sad. If she didn't teach him that, would he have thought of doing that? I was wrong about her. How dare she use my grandson! When I think of him, I feel so upset."

Owen pulled her into his arms and persuaded, "Take it slow. I'm sure Amelia had her own reasons back then. Just empathize with her."

"What do you mean by that? Who is going to show me empathy then?"

Owen fell silent.

It was probably difficult to resolve their tense relationship so quickly, for Olivia had already set her mind to it. Once she hated someone, it was hard to change her mind again.

There was a long way to go. The only solution was to mediate their relationship slowly. If they were too hasty, it would be counter-productive.

“Let’s take a look at Tony,” suggested Owen.

However, Olivia became unwilling. “Go yourself. He’s just a little traitor! I doted on him for nothing.”

“Why are you being mad at a child? He’s still young, so he doesn’t know how adults think. If you continue to look so grim, he’ll fear you even more. Do you want him to be scared of you?”

Olivia retorted furiously, “Since when do I want him to fear me? I’m just upset. I’ve missed him so dearly for two years, but whenever he sees me, he acts like he’s seen a tigress. Am I that scary?”

“You’re not a tigress. You’re a goddess!”

Olivia broke out into a smile despite being angry.

“All right, stop being mad. Otherwise, you’ll have wrinkles.”

“I’m already past sixty years old. Wrinkles have appeared on my face ages ago. I’m afraid that I’ll faint from anger one day because of these youngsters.”

“Then, let’s just keep everything out of our sight. I’ll bring you overseas to travel and clear your mind. Perhaps, your mood will improve.”

“Let’s talk about this next time.”

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Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 444 Inappropriate Words

When Oscar was driving, he received a call from Amelia and picked it up.

“Oscar, how was the talk with Mom? Did both of you argue?” asked Amelia worriedly through the phone.

“Silly, why are you so worried? Why would I argue with my mom? Don’t overthink and focus on your work. I’ll bring you and Tony out for dinner tonight,” reassured Oscar with a faint smile, despite his grim expression.

“Did both of you really not argue?” It was evident that Amelia was doubtful. She had been worried about this for a few hours in the office, afraid that Oscar would quarrel with Olivia for her sake. This was not what she hoped for.

“I won’t fight with Mom. Don’t worry!”

Amelia heaved a sigh of relief.

“That’s great, then. While I was working, I was worried that Mom will put you in a difficult position on purpose. Since you said that she didn’t, I’m relieved. Are you still there, or are you coming back?”

“I’m driving now. I’m going to the office to attend a meeting later.”

“Be careful while driving! After your meeting, remember to have your lunch and don’t starve yourself, okay?”

“Yes, ma’am. I will never dare to go against your wishes.”

Amelia chuckled in amusement.

“I’ll hang up soon. I’m calling you in the toilet now. After I leave, I still have to photocopy some documents. Talk to you later!”

This time, Oscar’s expression turned gloomy. “Why are you photocopying them? Aren’t the other employees supposed to do such menial jobs?”

Amelia burst out laughing. “Have you forgotten? I’m a newbie who has just started work for two days! I’m supposed to handle these menial jobs. Don’t you worry about it since it’s just a trivial matter.”

“No way! You’re my wife. I don’t even bear to let you do such laborious tasks, but a measly advertising company dares to order your around! I’m going to acquire it.”

“Stop messing around, Oscar. I just want to gain more experience instead of just lazing at home. It isn’t hard to photocopy a few documents anyway. Don’t be rash! Otherwise, I’ll actually get mad.” Amelia coaxed, “I’ll give you a kiss. Stop being angry, okay?”

He could hear the sound of a kiss coming through the phone.

Only then did the hardened look on his face fade gradually.

“I really don’t know what to do with you,” said Oscar exasperatedly.

“Don’t you love me because I’m like this? Okay, I’ll stop talking to you. I’ll hang up now! Talk to you tonight.” With that, Amelia ended the call.

Staring at the dark screen, Oscar's expression turned grim as he called Hugo.

When Hugo picked up the call, he instructed, "Hugo, find out the phone number of Amelia's company's CEO. Then, arrange a meeting with him."

"Yes, Boss," answered Hugo.

After ending the call, Oscar drove straight to his office.

When he arrived at the entrance, Hugo called.

"Boss, I've already sent you his number. However, he's currently overseas for a business trip and will only return during the weekends," reported Hugo.

"Okay. I'll hang up now." Oscar ended the call and clicked on Hugo's message.

He called the number in it. The first call did not go through, but the second one eventually did.

"Hello?" A deep and masculine voice sounded.

"I'm Oscar Clinton from the Clinton Corporations. Is it convenient for you to talk now?" asked Oscar directly.

"Mr. Clinton?" It was obvious that the person did not believe him. "Are you joking with me? A small company like ours doesn't have any business transactions with the Clinton Corporations. To be exact, a large company like the Clinton Corporations won't even be interested in us! How is it possible that the CEO of the Clinton Corporations is calling me? I don't care where you got my number from, but I'll not let this prank slide a second time."

"I remember that your company sent the manager of the marketing department to talk to my company about a marketing strategy. However, as the plan was inferior to the one proposed by another company, I vetoed it directly. Am I right?" asked Oscar.

"Are you really Mr. Clinton?" The person became excited.

"I am the real deal."

"You're really Mr. Clinton! I apologize for my rudeness." The person's tone immediately became respectful. "May I ask why did you suddenly call me? Do you have any important matters to tell me?"

"Not really. I just want you to help me take care of a person."

"How can I ever be qualified to take care of someone under your wing, Mr. Clinton?"

“She’s working in your company. As the boss, you are definitely qualified.”

“Are you serious, Mr. Clinton? I’ve worked in the company for more than a decade, but I didn’t know that there’s someone important to you working here.”

“She’s called Amelia Winters, a new employee in your company. I hope that you can take special care of her and prevent her from getting bullied.”

The person fell silent for a long time before asking hesitatingly, “Mr. Clinton, may I know what’s Amelia’s relationship with you?”

“She’s my wife.”

When Oscar said that, he heard the sound of something dropping.

“So she’s your wife! It’s my negligence. I’ll definitely take good care of Mrs. Clinton when I go back. It’s an honor to have her supporting our small company.”

“All right. As long as you make her happy at work, it is possible for our companies to have a business collaboration.”

“Thank you, Mr. Clinton. Just leave Mrs. Clinton to me! I’ll definitely treat her like a deity and protect her from any bullying.”

“There’s no need to alert her about it. I don’t want her to know that I’m intervening in her work excessively, understand?”

The man fell silent for a while before chuckling. “I understand, Mr. Clinton. Don’t worry, my lips are sealed.”

“Good. I like to talk to smart people like you. I recall that your company has just started a research project on toners. I’m actually quite interested in it! Why don’t you come to my office with the proposal? I’ll discuss it with you personally.”

“Really? Thank you, Mr. Clinton!” exclaimed the man in a mixture of surprise and delight.

“That’s all. I’ll hang up now.”

After ending the call, Oscar strode into the office expressionlessly.

Meanwhile, Amelia continued with her work after calling. As she had just started working, there were a lot of miscellaneous tasks for her to do. Although Rory wished to ask the rest to stop assigning such dirty work to her, Amelia opposed it.

Amelia photocopied a hundred documents and distributed them to the various departments. Despite having lived in luxury for a few years, she ended up doing what she did when she was a fresh graduate then. While she worked, she did not even know how to describe how she felt.

After she finished the task, she could barely take a breath before someone stopped her in the pantry. She raised her head and saw that it was Jamie.

“What’s wrong, Jamie?” Amelia asked.

“Amelia, I only told you that piece of gossip yesterday because I like you. If you didn’t like it, just forget about it. Why did you have to complain to Rory? I was summoned to the manager’s office and scolded for no reason. Why are you so malicious? You’ve just started work for two days, but you’ve already learned how to suck up to the superiors,” interrogated Jamie viciously as she glared at Amelia.

Amelia had no idea how to react.

Although Jamie was much younger than her, she had no sense of courtesy. Having lived in comfort for a few years, it had been ages since someone scolded Amelia to her face. Although she was not used to it, she was not foolish enough to get mad at a young girl.

It was embarrassing, after all. If she were to stoop to Jamie’s level, she would seem rude.

“Jamie, I did not say anything bad about you to Rory behind your back. I don’t know what grudges you have toward her either. All I want to do is to work in peace. I have no intention of meddling in all these affairs,” stated Amelia. After a slight pause, she continued, “Also, you’re still young. What you should do is to improve yourself. You’re a very cute girl, so I don’t want you to destroy yourself with that silly habit of yours. I suggest that you remain quiet. That way, more people will like you, including me.”

While Jamie was still stunned, Amelia left. She was gone by the time Jamie returned to her senses.

She stomped her foot resentfully. “What a fake b*tch! You’re just pretending to be nice. How dare a newbie like you bully me? Just you wait! I’ll make life difficult for you too.”

Naturally, Amelia did not hear what she said.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 445

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 445 Love Triangle

The moment Amelia returned to the design department, Rory walked toward her and said, "Amelia, the manager asked you to go to his office. He wants to talk to you."

A flash of doubt appeared in Amelia's eyes.

"Don't be scared, Amelia. The manager isn't the type to believe in rumors. Jamie's the one who fabricated everything, anyway. She only did that because the person backing her up has had some conflicts with the manager. Please don't misunderstand!" explained Rory quickly, having misinterpreted the look on Amelia's face.

When Amelia heard that, she burst out laughing and assured, "I didn't misunderstand, Rory. I'll go now. Talk to you later!"

Upon entering the office, Amelia asked politely, "Are you looking for me?"

The manager, who was sitting at the desk, immediately jumped to his feet, revealing his bulging stomach.

"You're Amelia, right?" The manager had just received a call from the CEO, asking whether there was an employee named Amelia in his department. When he thought about it, he remembered that he had asked Rory to recruit her. The CEO instructed him to treat Amelia nicely, saying that she came from a formidable background. Since she was the wife of Clinton Corporations' only heir, she must not be offended. Not expecting such a powerful person to be working in his department, the manager was so shocked that he broke out into cold sweat.

"Yes. May I know why you summoned me to your office?" asked Amelia, feeling a bit uncomfortable by the middle-aged man's intense stare.

The manager returned to his senses. A meaningful smile spread across his chubby cheeks as he said, "Amelia, it's the company's blessing that you are working for us. You've truly graced us with your presence! Since the CEO isn't here, I welcome you to the company on his behalf. I'm really happy! I didn't expect you to be so pretty too. Only the most outstanding and talented man is worthy of you."

Amelia was completely confused, unable to figure out why he was saying all that.

As if he could sense her confusion, the manager laughed heartily. "I'm just spouting nonsense, Amelia. Go back to your work. I'll assign you to design some important blueprints later. I heard that you're a design major, so you are probably very skilled at designing blueprints. Do a good job as I have high hopes for you. If you don't like working in the design department, just tell me which other position you're interested in. There's no need to stand on ceremony with me."

Amelia's expression turned gloomy as her suspicions toward Oscar grew. If he had not said anything to the company's boss, the manager would not have been so submissive toward her.

"Sir, did someone say something to you?" Amelia asked tentatively to test the waters.

However, the manager replied calmly, "No! I heard that you have a good relationship with Rory. She mentioned to me that you've graduated from a renowned university and that you're very talented. That's why I wish to treat you as an important asset. Don't overthink and just focus on your work instead. If you have any grievances, just tell me. If Jamie is getting too overboard, tell me too. I'll raise it up to the boss. Since you're the company's lucky star, no one can protect her."

Although Amelia was still confused, the manager dismissed her with a wave. "Return to work. Remember to tell me about any grievances you face!"

Amelia had no choice but to leave.

When she returned to the design department, she could see her colleagues raising their heads and shooting her a strange look.

Amelia could guess that they were wondering about her relationship with the manager. She could not help but sigh secretly.

No wonder people said that office politics is like a war. Anything minor that happens in the department can be misconstrued in such a ridiculous manner! Gossips can arise out of absolutely nothing. If I want to succeed in the workplace, I must be strong. Regardless of the rumors, I mustn't be defeated.

Ignoring their gazes, Amelia returned to her seat and focused on her work.

Finally, it was six in the evening. After bidding Rory farewell, she left.

Oscar was already waiting in the car with Tony downstairs.

The moment she entered with her bag, Tony pounced at her. Hugging her tightly, he said in a sweet voice, "I miss you, Mommy!"

Amelia hugged his chubby body and asked with a smile, "Did you behave at your grandma's place?"

"Yeah! I tried to make Grandma laugh, but she doesn't seem to be in a good mood. She ignored me most of the time," admitted Tony honestly.

Amelia instinctively glanced at Oscar.

“What’s wrong with your grandma, Tony?” she asked.

“I don’t know either. All I know is that Grandma doesn’t seem to like me anymore. I want to be close to her, but she instructed the maid to take me away.” Tony felt rather upset as he spoke.

Amelia hugged him and consoled, “Perhaps she’s not feeling well today. It’s not true that she doesn’t like you, Tony? You’re so adorable that she likes you a lot! How can she dislike ever you? Don’t overthink.”

“Really?”

“Have I ever lied to you?”

Tony shook his head. The gloomy expression on his face faded and he stopped pouting.

He’s still a child.

As Amelia was hugging Tony, she did not ask Oscar how his talk with Olivia went. Instead, she kept playing with Tony.

Oscar drove to a newly-opened restaurant. A valet quickly rushed forward to park the car for him.

When Oscar carried Tony, he tried to resist. However, Oscar whispered softly, “Your mommy’s still here. If you kick up a fuss, she’ll be sad.”

Although Tony stopped struggling, he glared at Oscar sulkily.

The moment the three of them entered the restaurant, Amelia spotted two familiar people standing nearby. Facing Jennifer, Carter had his back against Amelia. Their gestures were very agitated as if they were in the middle of a huge argument.

Jennifer’s furious voice sounded. “Carter, do you hate me this much? We’re already here! Why are you so reluctant to enjoy a meal with me?”

“Stop kicking up a fuss, Jennifer. Something urgent came up in the office, so I need to rush over. Just eat alone and I’ll settle the bill,” replied Carter exasperatedly.

“You’re too much, Carter.” Jennifer’s voice broke, making her sound like she was on the verge of tears.

Amelia glanced at Oscar, asking him silently if they should go over.

Before they could walk over, Jennifer lifted her hand and slapped Carter across the cheek, the crisp sound echoing across the lobby. The passers-by stopped in their tracks and stared at both of them curiously.

Carter could have dodged the slap. However, he did not for some reason. His head turned to the left because of Jennifer's slap.

Just by hearing the sound, Amelia could almost feel the searing pain on Carter's cheek.

Tony gazed at Amelia in confusion and asked, "Mommy, why is Ms. Larson hitting Mr. Scott?"

Since Tony's voice was quite loud, Carter and Jennifer looked over.

When Carter spotted Amelia standing not far away, the look in his eyes changed instantly. He raised his hand and wiped the cheek that had been slapped by Jennifer, trying to erase the swollen marks on his cheek.

Jennifer was already at the peak of her fury. When she noticed his reaction, her eyes reddened. She shot Amelia a complex look before bursting into tears. Covering her mouth with a hand, she exclaimed, "You're too much, Carter! The woman you've been yearning for already has a husband and a son! There are already two people by her side who love her dearly! However, all you can see is her. Why can't you just look at me seriously too?"

Due to Amelia's sudden appearance, a flustered look flashed across Carter's eyes.

"Stop messing around, Jennifer!" chided Carter softly. He was afraid that Amelia would misunderstand because of this.

Jennifer could not help but laugh and cry at the same time as she glared at Carter. Sorrow washed over her. "Carter, I really think that your heart is made of stone. Nothing can ever melt it. Even a cactus might bloom one day if I watered it religiously. However, you show no signs of falling in love with me. Sometimes, I wonder if I'm really that horrible. Otherwise, why would you refuse to even spare me a proper glance?"

Carter raised his hand, wanting to wipe her tears away, but he put it down halfway.

He said apologetically, "I'm sorry."

He was apologizing for being unable to fall in love with her after two years.

Amelia said, "Oscar, let's go over."

Oscar nodded.

When they walked over, Amelia greeted timidly, "What a coincidence to bump into you here, Carter and Ms. Larson."

Jennifer, who had yet to wipe her tears away, glared at her and demanded, "Are you satisfied now, Amelia? Looking at how pathetic I am, are you secretly mocking me for being shameless? Even though I've pursued him for two years, he only loves you. You must feel very smug, right?"

Amelia smiled bitterly. Even though she did not wish to meddle with Carter and Jennifer's complicated relationship, she always ended up involved in them. What kind of twisted fate is this? Why am I always dragged into this mess?

"You've misunderstood, Ms. Larson. I've never found it embarrassing for a woman to pursue a man. Everyone has a right to chase after love regardless of gender." Amelia looked at Jennifer and said seriously, "Ms. Larson, you can try speaking to Carter calmly. There's no need to argue in public. Why don't we book a private room? Both of you can have a proper discussion inside."

Jennifer scoffed coldly.

"Stop putting up a show and pretending to be kind. Every time you bump into me, I'm being pathetically cast aside by Carter. I really wish that I'll never see you ever again!" spat Jennifer through gritted teeth.

Not knowing how else to explain herself, Amelia felt overwhelmed by a feeling of exasperation.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 446

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 446 A Bad Accident

"Don't blame others if you can't grasp a man's heart, Ms. Larson. You only have yourself to blame as you are not charming enough." Oscar pulled Amelia behind him before continuing bluntly, "It's getting late anyway. The two of you please settle your relationship issues outside and don't affect the other diners' moods. Amelia, let's not get in their way and leave. I don't want anyone to bite back at our kindness."

Upon hearing that, a hint of embarrassment and awkwardness flashed in Jennifer's eyes.

Amelia turned to face the other woman, saying in a gentle tone, "I have no intention to compete with you. Carter and I are just friends. I'm also very happy to know that he has found happiness. Honestly, I think the two of you are quite compatible."

Despite her words, she was met with a vehement glare from Jennifer.

Noticing that her persuasion was useless, Amelia then added, "Carter, Ms. Larson, I'm going for dinner with Oscar. It's getting late, and my child will be hungry. We won't trouble you further then."

With that said, she took Oscar's hand and left. Carter stared straight at her retreating figure, and he could not help but blurt out, "Amelia."

As Amelia halted in her steps, Jennifer's expression grew increasingly awkward.

Carter walked toward her and gave her a gentleman's smile while ignoring her interlocking hands with Oscar. "Do you mind if I join you? I happen to be hungry as well."

Before Amelia could reply, Oscar spoke up with a stoic expression.

"Mr. Scott, I mind. Seeing as your relationship issue hasn't been resolved, I advise you not to approach my wife. Nothing will happen to you if your woman gets jealous, but trouble might befall my wife. As her husband, it's my responsibility to get rid of all possible threats."

Carter's face turned grim.

Amelia tugged at Oscar's clothes, signaling for him to stop before saying in a pleasant voice, "I think it's best if you talk to Ms. Larson first, Carter. We still have many opportunities to catch up, so there's no hurry for that. Don't you think so?"

Carter pursed his lips while staring intently at her. He could not tell if it was due to Oscar's words or Amelia's warm gaze, but he did not have the heart to refuse her. Hence, he gave her a nod.

Upon seeing that, Amelia smiled. "We'll head for dinner now, Carter. Do have your meal as well after you've talked it out with Ms. Larson."

Carter turned around and went to her side, looking at her with a grim expression before saying curtly, "Let's go." He walked out as soon as he said that, leaving Jennifer to glance at the second floor in resentment before following after him.

Standing at a remote field, Carter crossed his arms, and a trace of impatience flashed in his eyes when he looked at Jennifer.

"You've already hit and scolded me, Jennifer. Can you get over it already? Please, I beg of you, stop pestering me. It's been two years. You're exhausted and so am I. I don't want people to keep thinking that we're a couple. I'll admit that I've loved Amelia for ten years, no, it's maybe longer than that. I'm afraid it'll be hard for me to love another

woman again. I'll only hurt you by marrying you. In the end, we'll definitely end the marriage with a divorce," he articulated each word.

I don't love her. She'll be miserable, and so will I if we get into a loveless marriage. Many people in this world are in such marriages, but I don't wish to settle for that.

Jennifer's eyes reddened as she took a deep breath. She did not wish to show any vulnerability, knowing that Carter would not feel distressed even if she did. She was a proud woman who maintained her composure in front of a man who did not care about her. Even though she had pursued him for two years, she would never allow herself to show her weakness in front of him.

"Carter, what you said is so unfair to me. You've never given me a chance, so how would you know that things won't work out between us?" Jennifer stared at him with bloodshot eyes. "I can tolerate you liking someone else. I only hope that you'll treat me more fairly and make a little room for me in your heart. I won't ask for more. I am serious, but just have some space for me in your heart. You've always closed your heart to me. Don't you know that I've tried so hard to get through to you?"

Carter furrowed his brows as a flash of guilt appeared in his eyes.

He would be lying if he said that he did not feel anything for the beautiful woman who treated him with respect and dignity. However, that was not enough for him to fall in love with her. Other than being moved and liking her a little, he found it difficult to take it to the next level. So instead of prolonging it, he would rather push her away from the start.

He bowed to her for the first time. "I'm sorry, Jennifer, but I can't love you. Please stop pestering me. It'll do us both good."

Jennifer shook her head vigorously while staring at him in disbelief.

"I don't want to do that. I've wasted two years on you. Don't think that you can escape me. I'll never let you go!" Jennifer felt as though she was trapped at a dead end. At that moment, she did not know if it was due to her love for him or her reluctance to accept the outcome, but she was determined to hold onto him.

"I won't let you go, Carter Scott!" she shrieked with all her might before covering her face and running away.

Jennifer got into her car and drove at a high speed with her emotions in disarray. Her vehicle collided with a truck driven by a drunk driver while crossing the highway.

When Carter rushed to the hospital after receiving the news, he realized that both his and her family members were already waiting there.

As soon as Laura saw him, she pounced at him like a madwoman and threw punches at him. "My daughter dressed up nicely to have a meal with you, Carter Scott, so why was she driving alone and getting hit by a truck while you're unscathed? Weren't you with her? Why would she be involved in an accident?" she sobbed.

Carter merely stood there and allowed her to hit him. Despite wanting Jennifer to stop pestering him, he never thought that she would get into a car accident.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Larson," he apologized as the color drained from his face.

"Is there any use in apologizing? Jennifer spent nearly three hours doing her hair and choosing her clothes just to have this meal with you. She left the house in high spirits, so why would she be involved in an accident? Where were you then?" Laura wailed.

She only had one daughter and could not bear to lose her. It was a torment greater than death.

Without a care for her image as a wealthy lady, Laura continued crying and hitting Carter, hating him to the core. The great satisfaction she felt toward him at the very beginning had morphed into hatred of the same intensity. No mother would be able to stand her daughter acting so desperately over a man. If I had the power to predict the future, I wouldn't have brought Jennifer back to the country and allowed her to meet such a fate.

Seeing this, Faye and Vincent rushed forward to pull the two apart, the former frowned with displeasure. However, taking into consideration that Jennifer was still in the operating room, she felt it was not right to speak too harshly.

"Please calm down. Jennifer is a good person. I'm sure she'll be fine. If her accident is truly related to Carter, I'll definitely teach him a lesson. However, Carter is obviously innocent, so you can't keep accusing him this way. I also love Jennifer very much and am heartbroken that she met with an accident, but you can't put all the blame on Carter, right?"

Laura stared at Faye with reddened eyes and sneered, "Mrs. Scott, I don't care who's responsible for her accident at the moment. I don't wish to see your family again. Leave and don't ever appear in front of us again. I must've been blind back then in bringing Jennifer back to the country. Get lost!"

Hearing this, Faye also felt her temper rising. She tugged Carter's hand as she said, "Let's go, Carter. This family is simply unreasonable! Let's not waste time here and get scolded for nothing."

However, Carter did not move and whispered weakly while staring at the operating room, "Why don't you head back first, Mom. I've let Jennifer down."

Faye's eyes widened in shock. "Are you saying that Jennifer's accident is truly related to you? I know that you're upset because of the accident, but you can't simply say things like that," she chastised.

"Mom, I was the one who made Jennifer angry and caused her to be emotionally stable, which then led to the accident. Hence, her accident has a lot to do with me. Go back first. I'll stay here," said Carter as he turned to look at his mother.

Faye's chest rose and fell heavily in anger upon hearing that.

She grabbed onto his collar and said angrily, "You brat. What did she do to you that you constantly cause her so much grievance? Now, she's in the operating room fighting for her life. She's an only child. If something happens to her, how are you going to compensate her parents? Why are you always making me worry? Are you happy now that she's lying on the operating table?"

Carter remained silent.

Laura, who was held in the arms of Vincent, also glared at Carter as she howled, "Get lost! All of you! I don't need you to shed crocodile tears here."

"Carter is also very apologetic, Mr. Larson, so please don't be angry. We..."

"Get lost!" Laura repeated, "If something happens to Jennifer, I'll fight your family in every possible way, even if I have to use all our family's financial resources and go bankrupt."

Faye's expression turned grim as she hurriedly pulled Carter over. "Apologize to Mrs. Larson now. Do you really wish to drive me mad?"

He stepped forward and said solemnly, "I'm so sorry, Mrs. Larson. No matter what happens to her, I'll shoulder all responsibility toward her and you both."

"Scram! If Jennifer survives, I'll let her marry anyone but you. I'll never allow my only daughter to be with someone who doesn't cherish her," Laura exclaimed angrily.

If the nurse had not walked over to remind them to keep their voice down, Laura would have had an emotional meltdown and yelled at him.

She was dragged to the side by Vincent to avoid seeing the Scotts. Carter, on the other hand, stood rooted to the spot. His mind was in utter chaos, and he could not figure out what he was feeling at that moment.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 447

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 447 Cling On To You

Carter was waiting outside the operating room. The lights went off after a mere one hour. The surgeon came out and told him that Jennifer was fine and that she was lucky to have only fractured her thigh bone and got herself a few scrapes here and there.

Everyone present let out a sigh of relief.

Laura followed as Jennifer was pushed into a general ward. Carter wanted to follow too, but Vincent stopped him.

Bone-wearied, Vincent spoke. "Carter, go home with your mother. Laura is still hot under the collar, and she won't be nice to you. Don't worry. Jennifer's fine now."

Carter pressed his lips and hummed for a bit. He eventually nodded his head.

On their way home, Faye angrily probed, "Carter, what on earth is going on between you Jennifer? Weren't you just going for a meal?"

Carter bit his lips and kept his eyes on the road.

His silence made Faye more cross.

"Have you turned mute? Say something!"

"Mom, can you be quiet? You're giving me a headache."

"Hahaha!" Faye let out a mocking laugh.

"Carter, aren't you a grown man now? You'd gotten Jennifer into an accident, and now you're saying that I'm annoying. I was just thinking, so many accidents had happened within the past few years. Oscar got into an accident, Tiffany got into an accident, and now Jennifer. Anyone who's in any way related to Amelia somehow got into an accident. Is she a jinx?" Faye didn't hold back.

Carter frowned at his mother's words. "Mom, it was an accident. Why is Amelia in the picture? This has nothing to do with her, okay? Stop accusing her."

That was the last straw. Fire of rage could be seen gleaming through Faye's eyes, and all she wanted at that moment was to vent her fury.

"You're so quick in defending her! I'm pretty sure she had something to do with the accident. You and Jennifer always quarrel because of this woman!" Faye lost her graceful composure. "It amazes me. What's so good about her that makes you go out of your way? Do you think you're in some sort of romance drama?"

Carter's silence persisted, and it totally drove Faye up the wall. He didn't want to sing to her tune and kept quiet, dissolving her sharp lambastings just like that.

When they got back to their residence, he emotionally distanced himself. "Mom, we're here."

Instead of getting off the car, Faye stayed put.

Seeing Faye glued to the passenger seat, Carter looked at her coldly and said, "Mom, if you like this car that much, you can sit in it as long as you like. I'm getting off." He opened the door and stepped out.

"Stop right there, young man." Faye quickly unbuckled her safety belt and got off the car.

Carter came to a halt and looked at his mother, who rushed to stand in front of him. He was exasperated.

"Mom, can you just stop? Leave me alone today, okay? You and Jennifer had been driving me nuts for the past two years. It's frustrating and draining."

Faye looked at him fixedly, and something came across her mind.

She took a deep breath and tried her best to calm herself down. "Carter, tell me the truth. Does Amelia have anything to do with Jennifer's accident?"

Thoroughly irritated, Carter shot his mother a glance. "Mom, this has nothing to do with Amelia. Why do you always drag her into the picture? Just like the examples you talked about. Amelia has nothing to do with them, but you somehow blamed her for their occurrences. I know you don't like her, but she has already got a husband and a son. Can you please stop making baseless assumptions? It irks me so much that I don't even feel like coming home."

Surprisingly, Faye didn't yell back.

She waved a hand in short strokes and replied, "Alright. She has nothing to do with it. That aside, I want to know what's going on between you and Jennifer. How did she get into that accident? She gave me a call before it all happened, saying that you two were going for a meal. Who knew an accident would happen just like that?"

Carter gave Faye a cold stare, strode, and eventually ran to the car, chucked himself in it, and drove away before she could react.

Faye stood there dumbfounded as the car was driven further and further away. When she finally came back to her senses, she was hopping mad.

Carter drove to a bar, got a dozen beers, and drowned his sorrows quietly in a corner.

After a few pints, someone came and sat right next to him on the sofa. It was Derrick.

Derrick smiled at him, and as Carter wanted to speak, Bam! Derrick bulldozed his fist into the latter's right cheek as fast as lightning!

Carter was sent smashing into the sofa.

"Mr. Scott, this punch is for Jennifer, who's still lying on the hospital bed. Is it to your liking?" Derrick coldly uttered.

Carter sat back onto the sofa and softly stroked where the fist landed. Thank goodness there wasn't blood.

He then shifted his bum to where it was, grabbed a beer, and chugged.

"Oh my! Since when Mr. Scott became mute?" Derrick sarcastically jeered at him.

After a large gulp, Carter placed a bottle in front of Derrick. "Drink it if you're a man."

Derrick took the beer, opened it, and slowly savored the offer. It looked like he was drinking a well-aged wine rather than beer.

After a few sips, Derrick spoke. "Mr. Scott, Jennifer got into a car accident. I understand that she's stable now, but shouldn't you be showing some care to her?"

Carter looked up at him. "Derrick, I might be convinced that you're in love with Jennifer from your unexpected concern for her."

Derrick paused for a millisecond and chortled.

"Mr. Scott, you have quite an imagination. However, I already have a lover. Jennifer is like a sister to me."

"But she's not your real sister, isn't she?" Carter sneered. "Derrick, I don't know your stance, but man to man, you should know how it feels like to have a woman you don't love clinging to you for two years. If you're close to the Larsons, please, I beg you, talk to Jennifer and ask her to stop wasting her time on a scumbag like me."

"Hahaha..." Derrick dignifiedly took another sip. "This matter is between you and her. I'm just here to have some beer because I couldn't sleep. I'll be heading home soon."

After finishing his drink, Derrick stood up and looked down at Carter. "Ciao."

He left right after that.

Carter continued his grog-up. However, the beer seemed to have lost its flavor.

He scanned the rest of the beer bottles and figured that drinking alone wasn't that fun after all. He got up, paid for his drinks, and left the bar.

After he got back to his apartment, he lolled himself on the sofa. He allowed his mind to go blank while looking at the pendant light.

Slowly, he dozed off.

The next day, Carter made time to go to the hospital.

Laura was surprised to see Carter when she opened the door. She looked daggers at him not long after that, though. However, she wasn't as critical as she was the evening before. "Go in. Jennifer's awake, and she's looking for you," she said.

Carter nodded, but just as he lifted his knee, Laura called out, "Carter, will you please be nicer to Jennifer? Everyone could tell that she loves you. We're planning to take her overseas once she's fully recovered.

Carter was slightly startled by their decision, and an odd feeling fluttered through him. Yet, he shunned that fleeting emotion.

"I will, Mrs. Larson," he replied and went into the ward.

Jennifer was on the bed, and she looked rather pale without makeup.

Seeing him, she frantically covered her face. "Carter, would you mind going outside for a minute? I look horrible now. Allow me to put on some makeup before you come in again."

Carter was brimmed with guilt when he heard that. It hurt him to see that this woman on the bed cared so much about his opinions about her.

Carter walked over to the bedside, dragged a chair, and sat himself down. "Jennifer, it's not necessary. You still look pretty without makeup."

"Really?" Jennifer pulled her hand slightly away from her face, and Carter nodded.

A wide smile crossed her face as if she had totally forgotten about the accident and the unhappy episode yesterday.

"I'm sorry." Carter lifted his head and looked at her.

Jennifer was slightly stunned, but a smile ensued.

“This accident had nothing to do with you. I was emotionally unstable, I sped, and I crashed. I was too self-absorbed, and I’m supposed to be the one apologizing. I’m sorry that my mom scolded you. Please don’t blame her. She did it out of care and concern for me.” They sounded estranged. Perhaps it was due to the accident.

Carter looked up again, and in a slightly raspy voice, he told her how he felt. “Jennifer, you don’t have to be so tolerant with me. I’m, to a great extent, responsible for the accident. I’m glad that you’re alright now. If your condition were worse, I’d take good care of you. But sorry, I still don’t feel the chemistry with you.”

His words wounded her heart, but she chose to keep it to herself.

“Carter, I won’t give up. I’ve only fallen in love once in my life, and it’s with you. I won’t let go no matter what.”

Before Carter could react, Jennifer changed the topic. “Amelia got into an accident, and then it was her friends and lover. It seemed like anyone related to her would be met with such mishaps. Don’t you think it’s like some cliché movie plot?”

Carter almost choked on his saliva. His mother mentioned this yesterday, and now, Jennifer. He wondered if telepathy was in play.

“Why? You don’t like me talking about Amelia?”

“Nah. I just didn’t expect that.”

“I mean, I’m just saying. I woke up this morning and saw my parents asleep by my bed. I then looked up to the ceiling and asked myself, ‘How is Amelia better than me?’ When she got into an accident, everyone was buzzing around her. When I got into one, you were nowhere to be found. I guess that’s the difference. However, I don’t want to give up. Are you willing to give me another chance and let me into your heart?” Jennifer looked into Carter’s eyes, but he subconsciously turned his eyes away.

She put on a smile, though utterly disheartened. “Carter, I’m not going to give up. I can mess with you, but I’m never leaving you. You’d better brace yourself because I’ll continue clinging on to you.”

Carter was vexed.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 448

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 448 The Feeling Of Falling In Love

At noon, the maid from the Larsons sent some packed lunch over. Despite Laura’s stoic face, Jennifer still cheerily invited Carter to join her for lunch. He had been at the hospital accompanying her the entire morning. Nonetheless, the man shook his head

and rejected her kind offer, quoting that he had urgent matters to deal with at the company.

Once Carter left, the ward was only left with Jennifer and Laura.

The smile on Jennifer's face soon vanished as she stared blankly at the meat in her bowl.

Heartbroken, Laura stroked her silky hair gently as she said, "Let's go overseas after your discharge. This place isn't for you."

Jennifer shook her head.

"Mom, I can't get him out of my head. I'm sure I won't be happy even if I go abroad because I'll still think of him," She said with a determined tone. "I don't want to give up on my relationship that easily, Mom. I've spent two years on him; I refused to leave so pathetically."

Laura's chest rose and fell heavily in anger.

"Why are you still thinking of him when you're in such a state? Do you want to see me worry for you even in my old age? You won't fall short of suitors with your looks and family background. Why must you cling onto him like this?"

Jennifer looked up with her reddened eyes and yelled uncontrollably, "You're the one who asked me to return here back then. You're also the one who persuaded me to go for the blind date. Yet, you're saying I'm clinging onto him after I fell in love with him. What exactly must I do to satisfy you?"

Laura's face went pale instantly as she stared at her daughter in disbelief.

Ruffling her hair in frustration, Jennifer continued in a softer tone, "Mom, I'm sorry. I don't mean to shout at you. I'm just feeling too stifled with all the emotions in there."

With an increasingly darkened face, Laura uttered, "Let's eat. Anyway, I've discussed things with your dad. We've got in touch with a university in Anglandur and found a spot for you to further your studies. We'll go abroad right after your recovery. This way, it'll save you from turning yourself into a lifeless zombie because of your so-called love too."

Jennifer threw her a cold glance. "Mom, I'm not going."

"It's not up to you to decide. I've let you do whatever you want for the past two years. I used to hope that you'll become the daughter-in-law of the Scotts one day, but that isn't

the case now. All I want now is for you to have nothing to do with Carter. He's unworthy of you." It was a rare moment where Laura was rather assertive. "You've changed because of a man. You are once an obedient girl, but nowadays, you don't listen to me anymore. I've decided; you'll leave after you recover. The Scotts are clearly out of our league."

Sick of her mother's tirade, Jennifer fell back on her bed and covered herself up with the blanket.

"Jennifer, I'll make it clear to you now. You'll go overseas once you get discharged. And that's that. There's no room for discussion." Finishing her words, Laura strode out of the room.

Jennifer flung her blanket aside and sat up on her bed, staring emotionlessly at the glaring white ceiling.

Meanwhile, Carter's phone rang as soon as he strode out of the hospital and got into his car.

Fishing out and glancing at the screen, his gaze flickered as he quickly answered the call.

"Amelia." Carter sounded extremely gentle.

"Carter, am I disturbing you?" Amelia said from the other side of the phone.

"No. I'm not doing anything right now. I'm glad that you're calling me." Carter's lips curled up instinctively. "Is there something up that you'd give me a call?"

"Not really. I only want to ask about Ms. Larson. I heard she ran into an accident yesterday. How is she doing now?" Amelia asked.

"Everything's fine except a fractured leg. All she needs is some rest. Don't worry too much," Carter assured.

Amelia fell silent at his words.

The man, too, was somehow at a loss for words. A strange and awkward silence began to permeate the air.

"Carter, don't blame me for being a busybody. Ms. Larson is a nice lady. I hope you'll learn to cherish someone like her. I have to get back to work. Please send my well-wishes to Ms. Larson. I won't be visiting her since I don't think she'll want to see me either." Amelia concluded the call after finishing her words.

With his eyes fixated on the black screen, Carter was suddenly overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

“Amelia, I’ll try to accept her if I can forget you, but you’re always appearing in my mind. That’s why I have no other choice but to break her heart,” he mumbled to himself. “I’ve let you down seven years ago. I won’t allow myself to let go of you again now.”

Amelia, who had just made the call to Carter while in the toilet cubicle in her company, certainly did not know that the man was so conflicted. She put her phone back in her pocket and strolled out, only to run into the well-dressed Rory waiting for her outside.

“Rory, why are you standing here?” Amelia cast her gaze at the lady who seemed troubled by her thoughts.

“Amelia, I have a little problem, and it’ll be great if you can help me. Do you happen to be free now?” Rory responded after some hesitation.

“Of course. What is it about?”

“Amelia, I have a slight issue with my blueprint. It feels like it’s lacking something, but I can’t figure out what it is. I have zero inspiration right now. Can you help enlighten me and perhaps offer me some tips?”

“Email me a copy of the blueprint later. I’ll take a look for you.”

“I’ll thank you in advance then, Amelia.”

“You don’t have to be so courteous with me. Get back to work first.”

Because Rory’s blueprint was a tricky task, Amelia could not get off work at six. Eventually, she had to call Oscar and ask him to have dinner with Tony without her since she had to work overtime.

The discussion and brainstorming session for possible ways to perfect Rory’s blueprint lasted for hours. It was almost nine when Amelia finally managed to produce a rough outline and contour of the sketch. The remaining thing Rory had to do was to complete the drawing at home.

“Amelia, thank you so much. I really won’t know what to do without you.” Rory was extremely grateful.

Tidying the documents on her desk, Amelia replied, “Don’t say that. That’s what friends are for, isn’t it? It’s already nine; let’s head home now.”

Rory hurriedly packed her stuff and was about to walk over to Amelia when her high heels gave way, causing her to almost trip over. It was lucky the latter was quick to react and held onto her swiftly. "Are you okay?" she worriedly asked.

A pained expression appeared on Rory's face. "I think I've sprained myself. But not to worry. The pain feels bearable. Let's head downstairs."

"Remove your heels. I'll help you downstairs."

"There's no need, Amelia. I'll do some stretches and walk my way down slowly. Let's quickly head downstairs. I'm sure Oscar and Tony are missing you already."

Just then, the phone in Amelia's bag rang.

Rory teased, "See? I've told you. I'm sure it must be Oscar."

Amelia shot her a look of exasperation but proceeded to fish out her phone from her bag. And indeed, the call was from Oscar.

She answered the call.

"Are you done with work? I'm waiting for you downstairs, in front of your company."

"You're here? I'll head down right now."

After a quick chat, Amelia hung up the call and looked at Rory. "Are you sure you can handle it by yourself, Rory? Oscar's here; he's waiting downstairs."

"Let's hurry then. Don't keep him waiting."

As the two reached the ground level and exited the elevator, Rory's gaze instinctively landed on a tall and lean figure leaning against his car. At once, she became a little spellbound. It had been a long time since she last felt her heart flutter and pound like crazy. The last time she had such feelings was when she fell in love with Derrick.

Watching Oscar stand straight and walk toward them, she could clearly hear her heart thumping faster and faster.

Rory grew up in the countryside as a child. Perhaps because of her good looks and excellent scores in her studies, she became very confident and essentially a little smug too as she grew up. As a result, she had higher expectations for her other half, and gradually, she began dreaming about climbing up the social ladder. Even at this age, she still held onto her dream of meeting a prince charming. Having stepped foot into society, she had met all kinds of oddballs, yet she had barely crossed paths with a rich and handsome man. There were, of course, rich men around her, but those were ugly and even had a beer belly. As much as she wanted to marry into a wealthy family, she

could not bring herself to marry someone with a lower-than-average appearance. That was why she had stayed single to date. Now that she saw someone of a high caliber like Oscar, it was no doubt she would go through the same feelings she would when falling in love for the first time. Those feelings were so much more vivid than when she met Derrick that she almost thought she had fallen in love with another man. Possibly, she had viewed Oscar as a man so much more stylish and handsome than Derrick.

Without sparing Rory a glance, Oscar went straight up to Amelia and gently said, "Done with work? Let's go home."

Amelia smiled. "Why are you here? Where's Tony?"

"Tiffany is looking after him. She says she's tired after going through a section of her script and came over to play with Tony instead."

Rory gave Amelia a light nudge and modestly muttered, "Amelia, is this Oscar?"

Only then did Amelia remember that Rory was beside her and thus quickly introduced, "Oscar, she's my colleague. Her name's Rory."

The man took a glance and greeted placidly, "Nice to meet you."

Rory quickly tried her best to hide her lovestruck expression and reached out her hand confidently. "Nice to meet you too, Oscar. I'm Rory Sanders. You can call me Rory. I used to work as Amelia's caregiver while she was in Beshya. If not for her, I wouldn't have the opportunity to work at such a great company. That's why I'm extremely grateful toward Amelia."

Only then did Oscar spare her a few more glances and reciprocate the handshake.

All that Rory felt was her heart racing even faster, as though it was pounding out of her chest.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 449

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 449 Do Not Give Up So Easily

"Oscar, let's send Rory home first. She sprained her leg just before we came down," Amelia said.

Oscar only replied with a nod.

While she steadied Rory toward the car, the latter feigned a conflicted expression. "Amelia, go back with Oscar. I'll be fine taking the bus back home by myself."

“What do you mean? We’re friends now. Am I even human to leave you by yourself when you’ve sprained your ankle? Oscar’s a nice person; get in the car.” Finishing her words, Amelia helped Rory into the backseat before heading for the passenger seat at the front.

Inside the car, Oscar turned his body toward Amelia and planted a kiss on her lips. She was slightly embarrassed by his sudden show-off and gave him a push on his chest as she whispered, “Rory is in the backseat. Take it easy, Oscar.”

Oscar fell back onto his driver’s seat and started his car engines without saying anything further.

Lowering her head, Rory tried to suppress the jealousy in her eyes. Moments later, she looked up again; this time, her eyes were as clear and bright as a fresh graduate who had just stepped foot into the society and had yet been brainwashed and influenced by the complex and nasty world.

“Amelia, you have a good relationship with Oscar. I thought you weren’t on good terms with Oscar while I was taking care of you back at Beshya, and that’s why you guys had a divorce. I guess my mind has gone into the gutter. You two are truly a match made in heaven. How wonderful!” Rory chuckled as she spoke her mind.

Amelia smiled. “We did have a misunderstanding previously, but we’ve talked things out. He’s quite aloof and doesn’t like to talk. Don’t be freaked out by him.”

Rory secretly sized the focused man up and cackled. “At one look, it’s enough to tell that he’s a successful man, unlike me who has just stepped into the workforce for a few months and would still make mistakes at work.”

“He’s indeed quite successful with his career.” Amelia did not go in-depth into Oscar’s job.

Likewise, Rory was nimble-witted and did not continue probing. She tried changing the subject and started putting her flattery skills to use.

“You’re equally awe-inspiring too, Amelia. You could’ve easily depended on your looks for livelihood, yet you chose to make yourself shine with your talents. I admire that you’d rather carve out your career route with your own efforts and capabilities when you could’ve lived your life comfortably without having to slog your guts out. I already find that you were no ordinary woman back while I was your caregiver in Beshya. And just like I’ve thought, you’re indeed one exceptional woman.”

Amelia kept a warm smile on her face upon hearing that.

“Rory, you’re flattering me. I’m not that great.”

“Amelia, I knew you’re special ever since the first time I saw you. I’m pretty sure I’m right about that at this point. Don’t you think so, Oscar?” Unlike her reserved appearance earlier when she first met Oscar, Rory was now bubbling with energy.

Perhaps caught off guard by Rory’s chattiness, Oscar did not respond.

“Oscar, Rory is talking to you,” Amelia reminded. She was afraid Rory would be intimidated by Oscar’s unapproachable and forbidding vibe.

“Amelia has always been the best in my heart,” he calmly replied.

Hearing that, Rory only felt like she ate dirt.

“Rory, he’s always like that, so don’t be scared by his attitude.”

Rory’s fingers that she rested on the seat twitched slightly as her grin grew wider. “Oscar is a man who has to shoulder great responsibilities. Such a demeanor suits him perfectly.”

At that, not only did Oscar remain quiet like how he did before, but even Amelia also fell dead silent.

And with Rory’s direction, Oscar soon arrived before her accommodation.

As the car came to a halt, Amelia hurriedly went over to help Rory get out. At the same time, she took a quick look at the surroundings. Hmm, what a nice neighborhood this is. It’s serene and quiet. She instinctively nodded in agreement with her thought before popping the question. “Rory, this is a pleasantly peaceful area. I’m guessing the rental isn’t cheap?”

The latter chuckled. “It’s half of my salary. I reckoned I should have a nice place to stay after working my fingers to the bone; otherwise, I wouldn’t be doing justice to myself. As for the rest of my monthly salary, I’ll wire a thousand for my parents and save the rest for daily usage. Amelia, are you judging me for spending way too much money?”

“Why would I? How’s your ankle feeling right now? Do you need us to send you upstairs?” Amelia was like a caring sister to her.

“There’s no need. It’s getting late; you guys should head home now. Don’t let Tony stay up waiting for you.”

“All right. Be careful, then. Call me if you have any problems. Don’t hold it in. Understand?”

Rory nodded her head.

After she headed up, Amelia looked at the grim-faced Oscar, lifted her hands, and tugged his cheeks. "What's wrong? Why haven't you been talking the whole night?"

Oscar wrapped his hand on her neck and pulled her in to kiss her. He then pried open her clenched teeth with his tongue and slipped it through to entangle with hers. It was as if their lips were glued that they separate from each other for a long time. By the time they part reluctantly, Amelia felt herself feeling breathless. It was so intense that even her gazes looked a little dazed and out of focus.

"Get in the car," Oscar muttered lovingly after planting another kiss on her lips.

After getting into the car, Amelia received a text message from Rory. In it, she said she hoped to visit them and play with Tony on the coming weekends.

In that instance, Amelia felt an odd feeling rising within her. She found that Rory had become unusually enthusiastic all of a sudden.

"Who's that?" Oscar asked.

"It's Rory. She wants to visit us and see Tony this weekend. What do you think?" Amelia answered.

"You shall decide since she's your friend. I'm fine with anything." Oscar focused his attention on the road but did not forget to warn Amelia. "But I hope you'll decide if you want to befriend her after you get to know her better. After all, she's honestly still very young. I'm worried she's still emotionally immature and fantasizing about unrealistic dreams that are out of her reach. I don't want any vain and materialistic women to ruin the peace and harmony within our family."

"You don't like Rory?"

"I don't like any other women other than you. I would admire women for their competency and entrust them with responsibilities based on their capabilities. However, that has nothing to do with whether I like them or not." Oscar looked intently into Amelia's eyes as he earnestly explained.

A sweet smile appeared on her face.

"What a sweet talker. But I love it."

Oscar could not help but broke into a smile.

"Rory is a good girl, except that she's still young and naive. All she needs is a few more years of work experience and encountering the shady and dark side of the working life. She'll be able to mature and settle down after that. Don't scare her off with your sour face, alright?" Amelia casually reminded.

“I got it.”

She turned and stared intently at Oscar before she continued, “By the way, Jennifer got into a car accident yesterday, Oscar. But I heard it’s not too serious. Do you think we should go and visit her?”

The man remained calm and collected, almost as though he could not muster any emotions at all.

“She has nothing to do with us, so there’s no need for us to go. I don’t want other women to point fingers and say anything bad about my woman. She only has herself to blame for getting into an accident. She’s lucky that she didn’t die,” Oscar coldly responded.

Amelia bit her lips and did not say anything.

Moments later, Oscar stopped his car at the traffic junction and took the free time to turn to Amelia and asked, “Why did you work till this late today?”

“I was helping her with a challenging issue regarding her blueprint, and that’s how we ended up staying till so late. Have you had dinner? I’m hungry now as I haven’t had anything. Shall we go and get some supper? We rarely get to eat junk food. I’m craving for barbecue,” Amelia whined.

Oscar reached his arm out and caressed her cheeks lightly. “You’re always making me get worried for you. I haven’t any dinner either, so let’s eat together then. And don’t you ever dare work overtime till this late anymore in the future. I don’t think your boss is so inhumane that he’ll force his employees to work overtime.” After all, she was Oscar’s woman. In truth, no one would dare to do that.

Amelia’s smile grew even brighter than before.

The pair only headed home after having supper at a roadside eatery.

Just as they stepped foot into the apartment, Tiffany pretended to cry as she launched herself into Amelia’s embrace. “Babe, you’re finally back. Tony doesn’t get tired, huh? I’m dying of exhaustion after playing with him alone. It’s even more tiring than reading my script.”

Tickled by her appearance, Amelia reached her arms out to grab her. “Where’s Tony?”

“He just fell asleep.”

“Thank you for your hard work. I’ve bought pasta for you. Finish it and have an early rest here tonight. It’ll save you the hassle of traveling here and there.”

Tiffany took the pasta despite having no appetite at all and said lifelessly, "I came over today to ask you for some tips to get in the good books of a future mother-in-law. Mrs. Hisson asked to meet me for shopping tomorrow. I wonder if she's planning some funny tactics against me. Please save me, Babe."

"Our beloved Tiff is invincible and has never failed in anything. Are you sure there are things you're afraid of?"

"Babe, you don't know how I've been in a super difficult situation this period. Mrs. Hisson always comes to my place, yet she says nothing except stare deadly into my soul. She does it to the extent that I'd think that there's a floating spirit behind me, and that freaks me out. I honestly can't figure out what's in her mind exactly and neither do I know what to do. I wanted to chase her out, but she's Derrick's mother. How can I bring myself to do that? Then, I figured I could talk to her nicely, but she would ignore me. I've no idea what she might do tomorrow to torment me. I have never met someone like her," Tiffany cried as she was on the verge of breaking down.

Furrowing her brows, Amelia asked, "Why didn't you tell us about that?"

"It's embarrassing. I initially thought I could solve it on my own, but Mrs. Hisson is getting increasingly out of hand."

"Did you tell Derrick about this?"

"No. That is, after all, a fight between us. Getting Derrick involved will only give his mom more reasons to find trouble with me. Don't worry. I can still handle it. I'm just getting a little annoyed by her, so I thought I get recharged by learning some tricks from you."

Amelia looked completely nonplussed.

She pulled Tiffany to the sofa and massaged her shoulders. "Let me know if there's anything that puts you in a difficult situation. I know you aren't in the right position to complain to Derrick about his mother, but you still have me. I'll help you think of a solution. But to be honest, she's your future mother-in-law, after all. Try to put up with her as it doesn't threaten you in any way. That said, that isn't the ultimate solution. You're a novel writer. You should be good at reading a person's mind. I don't think it's too difficult for you to think from a mother's point of view, right?"

Tiffany rolled her eyes at that.

"It'd be great if things are so easy. Mrs. Hisson is a total creep! Though she's devastatingly beautiful, she's formidable at tormenting people as she has a myriad of tactics. You'll know once you meet her. I'd have my ways to deal with her if she goes crazy and screams her head off at me or if she throws money at me to humiliate me. Sadly, she's too unpredictable and is always out of the norm. Ahh! I'm going bonkers soon!"

Amelia leaned closer to massage Tiffany's throbbing temples.

"Don't think about that anymore. I'm sure she'll realize you nice you are as a person one day."

Tiffany leaned on Amelia's shoulders and said, "Babe, she knows I'm Oscar's god-sister and can't talk bad about my background. But she's tormenting me in other ways nowadays. Huh, it's hard to deal with women from prominent families like her."

The latter could not contain her emotions and burst into laughter.

Tiffany did not respond to that. Truth be told, she did not hold a grudge against Kate. All she wanted was to vent her frustrations. It had not been easy for Derrick and her to get to their current stage, and therefore there was no way she would give up so easily. She was still looking forward to growing old with Derrick, having their children and even grandchildren, and for their offspring to show their filial piety for them. There was no way she would allow herself to be defeated since she had yet achieved all of her dreams.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 450

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 450 She Bears With It

Tiffany stayed the night over at Amelia's place. The next day, Amelia gave Tiffany a makeover. Half an hour later, she looked like a completely different person.

Tiffany admired her new look in the mirror for a while. She gave Amelia a thumbs-up and said, "Babe, this should do it. This time around, she won't be able to find fault with my makeup. The last time I was at her place, you have no idea how badly she criticized my dress and even said that I looked nothing like an elegant lady. Now, I want to see what she is going to comment on. She's way too inexperienced to go up against me."

Amelia was amused to hear that.

"Tiff, since she likes you to look graceful, just play along. Why do you have to stoop to her level? If Derrick and you really get married, then she will be your elder. You should think of ways to please her instead of arguing with her. Otherwise, Derrick will be stuck in the middle. If it's some minor issue, just let it go. Don't push her to her limits," advised Amelia.

Tiffany was an impatient person who was also quite argumentative. Amelia was worried that she might enrage the older members of the Hissons and ended up losing everything.

“Babe, I want to get along with her too, but that’s not what she wants. If she doesn’t create some kind of problem, she won’t be satisfied. She has never wanted me to be part of their family. If not for Oscar, she would have turned against me. I also heard that Crystal will be coming to Tayhaven in a few days’ time. I wonder what will happen to me by then,” said Tiffany nonchalantly.

“You have to put in more effort. Ms. Halliwell is Mrs. Hisson’s favorite. Everyone in the upper-class society believes that a couple should be well-matched in terms of their status. That woman is considered to be your greatest love rival.”

“What’s the point of her being Mrs. Hisson’s favorite? Derrick has to like her too. If he is cheating on me, then I will dump him before he can even ask for a breakup. I believe in being faithful to your partner. Since I can do it, I will naturally expect the same from him.”

“Why are you talking about all this for no apparent reason? Don’t think too much. Even if you think Derrick is cheating on you, you will require evidence before jumping to the conclusion. Right now, your mission is to suck up to Mrs. Hisson and get along well with Derrick so that the both of you can get married soon. If things get delayed any further, other issues may crop up.”

Tiffany’s face fell.

“Babe, I’ll make a move first. If I get bullied by her badly, you must give me a booster for my morale.”

“Quick, go. Stop talking rubbish. Once you are done, come back here, and I will cook some nice food for you.”

“Babe, you are becoming such a good wife now. In the past, you were only more worried about looking sexy. Now, you are making soup for your beloved. Bravo!”

Amelia was speechless.

After breakfast, Tiffany left and went to meet Kate. However, there was no sign of Kate after an hour. Tiffany decided to wait inside a juice bar nearby and ordered a drink.

She stared out the window as she was drinking her beverage, but there was still no sign of Kate.

“This old hag is so unreliable. I have been waiting for one and a half hours now, and she still isn’t here yet,” grumbled Tiffany while biting on her drinking straw.

After two hours, Kate finally showed up, and standing next to her was a stunning girl dressed in trendy clothes. Looking carefully, Tiffany found her familiar. It then dawned

on her that the girl was none other than Crystal. I thought she is only supposed to be here a few days later? What is she doing here?

Tiffany pursed her lips. She knew Kate was not going to give her a pleasant shopping trip.

Tiffany was about to walk out when her phone rang.

It was Derrick.

“Hi, Derrick,” Tiffany called out in a much gentler tone.

“Are you going shopping with my mom?”

“That’s right. Old Mrs. Hisson has just got here, and so is your lover. In fact, she came together with your mom. Do you want to join us? The four of us can play a game of poker together,” joked Tiffany. Judging from her tone, it was not evident if she was upset or happy.

“Where are you now? I’ll come over.”

“It’s fine. I was just joking with you. If you really come over, then your mom will say that I am tattling to you. To her, I am a condemned case. There’s no need to give her another chance to chastise me.”

“Tiff, I’m sorry for what you are going through,” apologized Derrick.

“It’s all right. It’s normal to spend time with our elders. In the future, once I am married to you, this will be something common. But, I may need more time to complete the script for the fantasy movie. Is that okay?” Tiffany saw Kate chatting away with Crystal, and they made no attempt in walking over to the mall. Hence, she was not in a hurry to head out as well.

“There’s no rush. The filming of the movie will only start once you are done with the script. I’m your man, and it’s my job to give you special treatment. Just focus on your writing. It is my responsibility to promote your novel and turn you into a top-notch writer,” promised Derrick.

“I’m getting close now. Just a bit more effort on my end, and I should be right there. What do I do? Derrick, I love you so much. I’m so lucky to have a boyfriend like you who gives me so many privileges. It feels so good,” teased Tiffany.

“Derrick, I have to go. Your mom and Crystal are walking over now.” Tiffany immediately ended the call.

She paid for her drink and quickly walked out.

The moment Kate saw Tiffany, the smile on her face faded. She scrutinized Tiffany with a frown but found nothing wanting, and she snorted.

“When did you get here?” asked Kate.

“Old Mrs. Hisson, I just got here too. Who is this?” Tiffany pretended not to recognize Crystal.

“This is Crystal. She’s the one I want Derrick to marry, but you got in between them. Then again, Crystal is a very generous girl and knows that Derrick is just fooling around. Once he gets sick and tired of you, he will definitely marry her.” Kate reached out to hold Crystal’s hand and ignored Tiffany.

Tiffany’s mouth twitched. She had no idea that Kate and Crystal were in denial and even lied through their teeth.

“So, this is Crystal. You look familiar. Have I seen you before?” Tiffany studied Crystal in detail before exclaiming, “I remember now. You came to Derrick’s villa in Beshya once. You still look as beautiful as I last saw you. If I am not Derrick’s girlfriend, I would think that both Derrick and you will make a very handsome couple. You two look just like a match made in heaven.”

Tiffany poured praises on Crystal as she looked at her.

Crystal was sizing Tiffany up as well and smiled, “Old Mrs. Hisson, is this the woman that Derrick like? She looks very decent. I seemed to recall seeing her at Derrick’s villa more than a year ago. But after some time, I have forgotten those unnecessary people in my life. I thought Derrick has broken off with her a long time ago. Looks like Derrick is quite serious this time.”

Crystal’s gentle demeanor was a far cry from her arrogant self. Tiffany could not help but think that she was a very good actress. There were so many facades to a person.

“Derrick is only fooling around. Once he is old enough, he will settle down with you. All these other women are just passing through in his life.”

Tiffany could not help but rub her nose. They treat me like nobody. Is this a good thing?

Crystal linked her arm with Kate and grinned at Tiffany. “You are Tiffany, right? Old Mrs. Hisson has mentioned about you on our way here. If you don’t mind, I will address you as Tiffany. I don’t come to Tayhaven often. So sorry to have to trouble you. Let’s go shopping then. I want to buy some nice clothes for Old Mrs. Hisson.”

Tiffany forced a smile.

It was very stressful for Tiffany to go shopping with two pretentious women.

Watching the two hypocrites having a good time shopping, she felt that she was invisible.

Crystal saw something she liked and went into the changing room with Kate. She was happy with her choice and paid with her card. Subsequently, both Kate and Crystal had managed to buy a few bags of clothes.

Kate pointed to the bags and said, "Tiffany, if you want to be the daughter-in-law of the Hissons, then you must learn to serve. It's only right that you carry the bags for your future mother-in-law, don't you think?"

Tiffany was about to blow her top, but the fact that she was Derrick's mom stopped her.

She went over and picked up the bags. With a smile, Tiffany asked, "Old Mrs. Hisson, where else will you like to go next?"

"It has only been half an hour. Crystal seldom comes here, so we intend to go through all the shops in the mall. Why? Are you tired?" Kate frowned and lectured her, "You cannot be so weak if you want to be the Hissons' daughter-in-law. If you get pregnant, how are you going to have the strength for childbirth? Tsk! I have no idea what Derrick likes about you. Crystal is far more superior than you in every aspect. Every time I go shopping with Crystal, I have never heard a single complaint from her. In fact, she will even give her suggestions when it comes to choosing the clothes. You are so useless. Just carrying a few bags, and you start to complain."

Tiffany suppressed the anger in her and smiled. "Old Mrs. Hisson, you are right. Let's continue with the shopping until you are happy. If you don't have enough money, I can pay for it."

"What is that supposed to mean? Are you implying that I am poorer than you? How dare someone like you from a less well-off family acts like a rich person! The money that you have belongs to my son anyway," ridiculed Kate.

Tiff, just suck it up and bear with it...

Tiffany kept reminding herself.

Hence, she stomached the humiliation.

"Old Mrs. Hisson, it was my fault for saying the wrong thing. Please don't hold it against me. Shall we continue shopping?" said Tiffany with a smile.