

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 13

Chapter 13

It would be a lie if Amelia said she wasn't moved. They weren't biological sisters, but their close relationship was one even money couldn't replace. After having their brunch, Amelia stayed at Tiffany's until the sun had set before returning to the condo she shared with Oscar in the city. She assumed Oscar was still out entertaining his clients, yet the lights were on when she pushed open the door. Oscar was sitting on the couch with an ankle over his knee, swirling the wine glass in his hand refinedly. All she received was a faint, indifferent look when she entered. Amelia reacted quickly, putting on the smile she frequently used to deal with the man in front of her. "Mr. Clinton, didn't you say you have a business dinner tonight?" She bent to switch her footwear into her home slippers. "Where were you? Why are you back so late?" Oscar questioned. Amelia headed toward him, plopping down right on his lap. With her arms around his neck, she deliberately sniffed him and grinned. "You're back early. Did you miss me?" Oscar circled his arm around her waist and placed his glass on the table, darting a profound gaze at her. "How obedient of you today. Are you out of money?" Amelia giggled, but the iciness still reflected in her eyes. "You're so generous. The allowance you give me is more than sufficient to pay for my shopping for an entire year. How could I finish it so soon?" He lifted and stroked her chin with his thumb. "I'll never let you go hungry as long as you remain obedient." She snuggled into his embrace, sniffing him like a puppy. "Did you drink?" Catching her wandering hands, he answered, "A little." "There are plenty of beauties at those banquets. Why didn't you take the opportunity to abduct one of them?" Amelia leaned against his chest like a lazy kitten. "Isn't it better to be in the company of a lazy kitten like you?" Amelia laughed. "If you were to take me to a banquet, I reckon I'll turn into an enchanting little Persian cat." "All you need to do is to stay home obediently." Her eyes darkened in an instant. That man would never acknowledge that she was his wife. Each time he was to attend a social event, the female companion by his side would never be her. Abruptly, she shifted away from his embrace, her tone distant as she announced, "I'm exhausted after shopping for the entire day. I'll go take a shower and go to bed. Good night." Without waiting for a response, she returned to her room upstairs. Oscar remained seated on the couch alone, his expression complicated as he watched Amelia slam the door behind her. When he returned to his senses and tried to go after her, the door had already been locked from the inside. Frowning, he ordered with a low voice, "Open the door!" However, a minute passed with no movements from the inside. Oscar raised his hand to knock on the door, getting visibly irritated. "Amelia Winters, stop throwing tantrums. Open the door." The door remained firmly closed.