

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 35

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Cassie's seemingly invulnerable façade began to falter. Feigning concern, Olivia continued, "Amelia, how should I put this? Cassie's decision to study overseas was all for the sake of her career. It's just a pity my son couldn't accompany her. Then again, I did hear that Cassie had a new pianist boyfriend who went with her. I wonder if they're married now?"

Olivia still held a grudge towards Cassie. My son was such a catch! Simply the cream of his crop! Yet Cassie had the audacity to run off with another man, and right before the wedding at that! What an insult to our family! Why, we were the laughing stock of the upper classes! Our families may look friendly now, but I'll never forget what Cassie did to my son!

Charlie and Elizabeth's expressions were awkward, while Cassie appeared chagrined as she looked at Olivia. "Mrs. Clinton, I used to be your favorite. I know my decision to study overseas hurt Oscar's feelings, but I truly love him. There was no one else with me when I went overseas, much less another man. You must not fall for baseless rumors."

Olivia smiled patronizingly at Cassie. "Cassie, of course I was very fond of you back then. The fiasco between you and Oscar happened so long ago; I won't hold you to it forever. I also want you to be happy."

Cassie returned a gentle smile. "Mrs. Clinton, I've been single the whole time I was overseas. I didn't come back just for the concert; I also wanted to see Oscar."

"Are you going back overseas after this?" asked Olivia.

Nodding, Cassie answered, "Yes, I'm going back in a few days."

Olivia's smile suddenly took on a lot more sincerity. "You're such a renowned pianist these days. Now that you're successful career-wise, isn't it time to start thinking about settling down? After all, it's good for us women to have a family to return to at the end of the day."

Cassie replied demurely, "I realized during my time overseas that Oscar is the best man I've ever known. I should've appreciated him more when we were together; now that I'm thinking of rekindling our relationship, he's already married." As if realizing her words were somewhat inappropriate, she turned towards Amelia sheepishly. "Ms. Winters, I hope you don't mind my words. I didn't mean anything by them."

"Don't worry, I know that Oscar's a pretty good catch. It's normal for other women to be hung up on him. I'd be exhausted if I threw a fit of jealousy at every woman who had feelings for him," Amelia replied, completely unperturbed.

Olivia added, "That's a great mentality to have, Amelia. So open-minded! Not like those women who throw tantrums all the time. Men tend to be busy with their work, so it wouldn't do for us to make a big fuss over these matters all the time. What a sensible woman she is; that's why I like her so much."

Olivia's words seemed to imply something more.

Amelia's expression changed.

Mrs. Clinton doesn't seem to like Cassie very much. I guess it's understandable considering she betrayed Oscar once before.

Olivia patted Amelia's hand. "Amelia, can you check on Oscar? Why is he taking so long to change?"

Amelia stood up. "Mr. and Mrs. Yard, please make yourselves at home. I'll go upstairs and check on Oscar."

Once Amelia had gone upstairs, Olivia took a sip of her tea gracefully. "These two kids, they've been married for four years but they're still such a lovey-dovey couple.

They're practically joined at the hips! Even an elder like me can't stand them sometimes. I hope it doesn't bother you too much."

Charlie and Elizabeth appeared uncomfortable.

Olivia pretended not to notice and continued on, "Cassie, you're not a young woman anymore. Did you date anyone when you were in Erihal?"

"Mrs. Clinton, I've been busy with work. I traveled all over the world to perform, and I couldn't settle for long in any location. But I think I'll return to Chanaea after another couple of months and settle down for good."

"You'll have so much more opportunities and make a better living if you stay in Erihal. There are so many impressive men in Erihal as well. Why wouldn't you want to build your future in Erihal?" asked Olivia. *You're lucky I didn't ask you straight out to remain in Erihal and stay far, far away from my son!*

If Cassie was affected by her words, nothing showed in her expression. "No matter how excellent the conditions are overseas, the people I miss are not there. My heart feels empty all the same, and I'd rather come home and chase my dreams here."

Olivia poured a cup of tea for Owen. "Owen, why are you so quiet? Visits from Charlie and his family are so rare, you should at least say something to our guests."

Owen finally lifted his head. Oscar was almost a spitting image of Owen, though the latter's gaze was much softer than that of his son's. Donning a pair of glasses, he looked more like an intelligent scholar than the wealthy businessman he actually was.

"Charlie, I bought a lovely chess set the other day. We should have a go at it after lunch."

Charlie smiled. "Owen, I've been itching to play some chess lately. Thank you for the invitation; I'd love to play a few rounds with you. You've always beaten me at chess, but I'm going to turn the tables today."

Owen nodded. "Good, then let's play a few rounds after lunch."

Olivia laughed. "At your age, other people are already enjoying their retirement at home; only you would insist on spending your twilight years working at the company. And you have no other hobbies besides playing chess either. I'd be so happy if you got a new hobby!"

Owen listened silently to his wife.

Cassie laughed at her impassioned words. "Mrs. Clinton, I think Mr. Clinton's hobby is great. It's great for keeping the mind sharp and building patience. All those years spent playing chess with my Dad also turned them into lifelong friends."

Olivia could only smile at her reply.

Just then, Stephanie strode into the house. She wore sky-high stilettos and had an LV purse on her arm. At the sight of Cassie sitting on the sofa, her eyes widened. She hurried over and cried, "Cassie, you're back?"

Cassie stood up and opened her arms, welcoming Stephanie into her embrace. "Cassie, when did you get back? Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Cassie laughingly replied, "I just got back two days ago. I've been buried in

preparation works for the concert and only had a spot of free time today to come visit Mr. and Mrs. Clinton with my parents."

Stephanie sat down next to Cassie before asking, "Have you met Oscar yet?"

Cassie nodded.

Stephanie did not miss a beat as she asked without a hint of subtlety, "Then when are you getting back together with my brother?"

The words left her mouth just as Oscar and Amelia were about to come downstairs. They heard her question loud and clear, while Olivia frowned. "Steph, why do you always speak without thinking? Your brother and Amelia have been married for four years! Don't you think other people will misunderstand when they hear your question?"

Stephanie pouted. "Mom, you call that a perfect sister-in-law? She has no status or money, and Oscar probably only married her for some secret reason he hasn't told us. I bet she's after our family's wealth. I've never recognized her as my sister-in-law; you're the only one who's been treating her like your biological daughter."

"What nonsense are you spouting? When have I ever taught you to judge your relatives like this?" Olivia's expression darkened.

Stephanie looked at Cassie as if she was the one who'd been wronged. "Cassie, Amelia must have cast some spell on my Mom if she loves Amelia more than me."

Something flashed across Cassie's eyes, though a gentle smile remained on her face. "Steph, Mrs. Clinton has always been fair to everyone. If she loves Amelia so much, it must be because Amelia has some endearing traits."

Stephanie opened her mouth to speak, but Amelia cut her off by announcing, "Dad, Mom. Oscar and I are coming down now."

She hooked her arm through the crook of Oscar's elbow. Strangely enough, he didn't shake off her arm but merely glanced at her.

After coming downstairs, Amelia and Oscar sat together on another sofa. Stephanie shot Amelia a disdainful look and spoke loud enough for everyone to hear. "A substitute is still just a substitute. The only thing they can do is step aside when the real deal is back."

Amelia pretended she didn't understand her words, though Olivia chided, "Steph, if you're going to continue spouting nonsense, you can head upstairs right now."

This effectively shut Stephanie up.

Olivia looked at Amelia lovingly. "Amelia, have you and Oscar eaten breakfast yet?"

"Mom, we already ate on the way here."

Olivia nodded. "If you haven't eaten, I'll have Maggie whip up something for you."

“Mom, we’ve already eaten. Please don’t trouble yourself.”

Olivia smiled and nodded once more.

Time seemed to fly as they chatted idly about nothing in particular. Soon it was time for lunch.

Amelia sat to the right of Oscar at the dining table. Intentionally or not, Cassie ended up on his left. Olivia sat to Amelia’s left and tapped her hands. “Don’t worry, Amelia, you’re the Clintons’ official daughter-in-law. All these other women are merely fleeting visitors in Oscar’s life.”

Amelia glanced at Cassie and replied softly, “Mom, you shouldn’t overthink as well. They’re our guests; as the daughter-in-law of the Clintons, I will do my best to help you entertain them.”

Olivia’s fondness for Amelia grew. “What a good child you are. Tell me if Oscar ever bullies you; I’ll teach him a lesson!”

“Oscar’s busy with work on most days, but he’s very caring towards me. Recently I got bored and found a job. When I told him, he didn’t seem to mind,” Amelia uttered with a smile.

Furrowing her brows, Olivia questioned, “Why are you thinking of working? Is Oscar’s allowance not enough?”

“Mom, don’t misunderstand. I just got bored at home and wanted to look for a job to kill time. I studied design back in university, so I got a job at a design company,” Amelia explained patiently.

“Young people should be out and about, not bogged down by heavy workloads or difficult bosses. Just resign and I’ll have Oscar arrange a sinecure for you in Clinton Corporations.”

“Thanks for your kind intentions, Mom. But if the company is too hard on me, I can always join the family business later on.”

Olivia nodded.

Stephanie cast a disdainful glance at Amelia and snarked, “Apparently someone graduated university, though I’m pretty sure it’s some third-rate institution. No wonder you’re living off of our family.”

Olivia gave Stephanie a warning look. “Steph, how can you be so rude towards your own sister-in-law! And in front of guests nonetheless! Do you want me to tell you off in front of them?”

Pouting, Stephanie whined, "Mom, I really wonder what sort of spell she has you under. Dad, Oscar and I aren't particularly fond of her, yet you're always defending

her."

"Talking back to me again? Are you trying to cut your lunch short? Such improper and disrespectful behavior for a young lady of your age! All the etiquette I've drilled into you must have gone down the drain. I want you to write an apology letter after lunch."

Stephanie set down her silverware in a fit of injustice. "Mom, why are you defending her over your own daughter? Who do you think of as your real daughter anyway? You're always taking her side!"

Oscar placed his silverware down and stared at Stephanie intently. "Steph, apologize to Mom."

Stephanie was evidently scared of her brother as she immediately deflated at his words. "Mom, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to argue with you."

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Olivia's face was calm as she said, "Let's eat. There're guests around today. Let's not make a fool of ourselves in front of them."

Due to Stephanie's fit of temper, the Yard family trio left swiftly after the meal. As Owen's earlier proposal wasn't taken seriously in the end, he didn't ask them to stay either.

After the guests left, Owen turned to look at his daughter. "Steph, you're getting out of hand. Your mom is an elder. How could you talk back to her?"

Stephanie shot a vicious glare at Amelia and said, "Dad, I wasn't talking back to Mom. I simply cannot stand a particular person, that's all."

"Steph, no matter what, Amelia's your sister-in-law. To shoot your mouth off in the presence of outsiders not only embarrasses her, but it embarrasses your brother as well. If the Yards were to gossip about this with others, how do you suppose others would look at our family? The Clintons have been made enough of a joke in society because of the Yards. How are you still so ignorant?"

Stephanie was visibly upset. "Dad, are you lecturing me?"

Amelia, being the peacekeeper of the house, chimed in, "Dad, this matter aroused because of me. My family's background is unworthy of Oscar. It's only natural for Stephanie to dislike me."

Oscar frowned, disliking how self-deprecating Amelia was behaving. He uttered coldly, "Stephanie, apologize to Amelia."

Stephanie stared at Oscar in disbelief, her face flushing red in rage. "All of you are too much! You're all bullying your own family for an outsider"—she stood up—"you expect me to apologize to her? Dream on! I detest her!"

She then stormed upstairs before anyone could stop her.

Olivia held onto Amelia's hands and tried to smooth things over. "Amelia, Steph is temperamental and mischievous. Please don't take her words to heart."

Amelia chuckled. "Mom, don't worry. Steph's my sister-in-law. I won't mind whatever she says. I'm only looking forward to being with Oscar for a long time. I won't fret

about irrelevant matters."

Olivia patted her hand in content and praised, "You're a sensible child."

Standing at the side, Oscar uttered, "Mom, there are still matters to handle at the company. I'll return before dinner."

"It's the weekend. What matters could there be?"

"Technical issues. I'll be back soon."

Olivia glanced at him in disapproval and chided, "You should be spending the weekends with your wife. Don't be like your father and become a workaholic."

Amelia wrapped her arm around Olivia's, playing her part as an understanding spouse. "Mom, the Clinton Corporations has thousands of employees. There's a lot of pressure on Oscar. Working on weekends is normal with the amount of workload he has. Don't blame him."

"Oscar, you should be satisfied having married such an understanding wife. No matter how busy work is, you ought to find time to spend with her. Don't think about unnecessary thoughts as soon as someone has returned. Though Amelia doesn't blame you, I as your mother won't let you off easy. I may not have a job, but I'm not a fool. If you're going out with Cassie Yard, you can forget about ever calling me your mom. The Clintons will not accept anyone with the last name Yard," Olivia declared

sternly.

Oscar's expression clouded over as he shot an unknown look at Amelia. Noticing that, Olivia immediately rebutted, "What are you looking at Amelia for? Didn't you say you have business at the company? What are you waiting for?"

Oscar simply nodded and turned around to leave.

"The kids have grown up now. You should leave them to it. Oscar's capable and he handles the matters at work very well. He'll be able to handle his own relationship matters. Quit getting involved," Owen said to his wife.

Olivia turned toward Amelia. "It's late. Why don't you go take a nap?"

Amelia nodded in agreement.

As soon as Amelia had gone upstairs, Olivia went to take a seat next to her husband and muttered, "Are you still thinking about separating Amelia and Oscar?"

Owen flipped open his newspaper, his eyes brightening as if he was drawn into it. In one swift move, Olivia removed them from his hands and grumbled, "Owen Clinton, stop pretending that you can't hear me and say something. I'm telling you-the only daughter-in-law I'll accept is Amelia. The others, especially Cassie Yard, will not be considered. I will rightly refuse her if she aims to be married into the Clintons."

Owen glanced at her curiously. "What's so great about Amelia? She's merely a pitiful child. You should be clearer than anyone else why Oscar married her in the first place. Cassie had done Oscar wrong previously, but now that she's back and even personally came to visit, what are you still bearing a grudge for? I recall you used to treat her nicely. What's changed?"

"Owen Clinton, as it turns out, you have such a big heart. You could turn a blind eye to everything Cassie Yard did. Fleeing the wedding aside, she had even escaped with her new boyfriend. What did she treat Oscar and the Clintons as? She's completely naive if she thinks she would be forgiven with a mere apology."

Olivia was typically calm and composed on usual days, but should anything be met with her ire, it would not be a matter easily forgotten. How strongly she had once liked Cassie was how strongly her dislike had grown for her.

Owen reached for the newspapers once again, saying in a soothing tone, "Stop worrying about it. It's Oscar's marriage and he's a man now. He'll handle his own relationship problems. However, I think he's still hung up on Cassie. You should just stay out of it, lest you create any unnecessary trouble."

"Owen Clinton, are you saying I'm a busybody?"

Embracing his wife, Owen gently coaxed, "I'll hand the work on-hand to Oscar in a few days and take you to Caspardon for a holiday. An old friend has recommended a small town with an exceptional view. You'll love it when you see it."

Olivia's face gradually lightened up.

"Not mad anymore?"

"Given that you're standing on my side, I'll quit being angry. But you can't turn a blind eye to Oscar's matters. I know you're not wholly accepting of Amelia's family

background, but she's already married into the family. The Clintons are not one to be hypocritical. Your dad only had one wife, and you only have me, hence Oscar must only have one too with no exceptions."

Owen looked nonplussed. "Dearest, aren't you being too authoritative? If the marriage is failing, divorce is unavoidable. What's the point of forcing them to be together?"

Olivia glared at him. "So what you mean to say is that you're supportive of him and Cassie getting back together?"

"Dearest, you're thinking too much. Since when did I make such a claim?" Owen sighed and coaxed, "The younger generations will be all right on their own. You're right. I'm not very satisfied with Amelia's family background, but I won't help outsiders go against our daughter-in-law. Let's not dwell on these frustrating things. In a few days, we'll go to Caspardon for a big vacation and only return when you're feeling better, all right?"

Olivia wasn't an unreasonable person, hence she no longer said much. But suddenly remembering something, she said, "Owen, I noticed Amelia's belly is bulging out. I'm a mother and I'm experienced. It's obvious it isn't weight gain, I think she's pregnant."

Owen's tranquil gaze flickered for a moment. "Are you sure?"

"I've given birth to two kids. Of course, I could differentiate between a chubby woman and a pregnant one. I'm certain-she's got to be pregnant."

"If she's truly pregnant, then it'll be the Clintons' first grandchild. There must not be any mishap," Owen commented.

"Earlier, you were still being indifferent. Now that you hear your daughter-in-law may be pregnant, you're thrilled? Aren't you afraid Amelia will be upset if she finds

out?"

Owen had no reaction to being teased and clarified, "Is she really pregnant?"

"Most likely, but we'll still have to get Robert here to take a look. He's treated us for decades. I'm confident in his medical skills."

"I'll give him a call then."

"Let's not be hasty," Olivia stopped him. "Let me have a word with Amelia first. It'll be utterly embarrassing for us both if this is a misunderstanding."

Feeling anxious, Owen urged, "Then go quickly. They've been married for four years and they're still childless."

"Why are you so impatient? I'm going now." Olivia shook her head and went upstairs, knocking on the door until Amelia told her to enter. With one hand, she closed the door behind her as soon as she entered the room.

"What's the matter, Mom?"

"I was worried you'll be bored, so I came to have a chat with you."

Amelia laughed. "Take a seat, Mom."

Olivia's eyes zeroed in on Amelia's belly as soon as she sat down. Confused, Amelia questioned, "Mom, what are you looking at?"

Olivia didn't beat around the bush and went straight to the point. "I see your belly's gotten a little rounder. It doesn't seem like you're gaining weight. Are you pregnant?"

Amelia's heart knotted for a second, her brain hurriedly working to think of a believable excuse. She was aware that if she wanted to keep being the Clintons' daughter-in-law, the only way would be to confess to Olivia that she was pregnant as the elder would never allow her son to divorce her for the sake of her grandchild. But she couldn't delay a divorce for eternity. By the time she'd given birth, Oscar would no longer care about Olivia's objection. By then, all she would be reduced to was a measly sum of alimony. Even her child would be snatched by the Clintons.

That wasn't her intention. She loved the child and was willing to give up everything in exchange for it, hence she made a decision to keep it from Olivia.

Mom, I'm sorry! Amelia apologized silently on the inside.

“Mom, I know you’ve been wanting a grandchild. I thought I was pregnant too, but after a check-up at the hospital, the doctor said I’ve been eating too much recently, hence I’ve gotten slightly bloated. Sorry, I may have to disappoint you.”

It would be a lie to say Olivia wasn’t disappointed, but she was fully convinced she was right. Hence, she continued, “You’ve only seen one doctor. Maybe it was

misdiagnosed. Why don’t I get Mr. Lancaster to take a look? His medical skills are top-notch. He would be able to tell if you’re pregnant with a single glance.”

Amelia guiltily replied, “Mom, I know you’re eager, but my belly is really just fats. I’m very sorry that Oscar and I couldn’t give you a grandchild despite our four years of marriage. If you can no longer wait, I’ll divorce Oscar. After all, I’ve always felt ashamed to face you for not getting pregnant too.”

Olivia had been dismayed at first but was shocked when she heard Amelia’s words. She frantically grabbed Amelia’s hand and exclaimed, “What nonsense are you saying, you foolish child? I may be disappointed that you’re not pregnant, but there’s no need for you to say such brainless things. Hurting Oscar aside, you are also hurting my heart!”

Amelia lowered her head. “Mom, I’m sorry. That wasn’t my intention. Oscar and I have been married for four years and we’ve also seen the doctors. The doctor said that my ovaries are blocked and it would be hard for me to get pregnant. That’s why I feel like it’s for the best for Oscar and me to get divorced since we’ve already discussed it.”

Olivia anxiously asked, “You two have even talked about divorce? Do you even regard me as your elder? How could you not inform me of such a grave matter? Are you trying to piss me off?”

“Mom, we just didn’t want to worry you.”

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“Were you both planning to inform me only after the divorce?”

Amelia nodded in acquiesce.

Olivia held a fist against her chest, visibly angered. Realizing that, Amelia asked worriedly, “Mom, what’s wrong? Is your chest hurting again?”

Olivia waved her hand. "Do you even regard me as your mom?"

Panicking, Amelia rushed to say, "Mom, even if Oscar and I were to get a divorce, I'll always regard you as an elder. Ever since I married into the Clintons, you've treated me as if I was your own daughter. That was the most flattering thing for me. I've never once thought a noble lady like you would treat a daughter-in-law who had no family background so well—well enough that I'd want to stay with the Clintons for the rest of my life. But fate is unpredictable. Perhaps we'll no longer be in-laws very soon."

Amelia wasn't an impulsive person, but in the presence of someone who treated her wholeheartedly, she truly could not bear to come up with more lies. Should she get a divorce from Oscar, the person she would miss the most would undoubtedly be the lady sitting in front of her.

Olivia inhaled a deep breath, calming herself down. "Oscar's the one who initiated the divorce, am I right?" Olivia sounded absolutely certain despite her questioning tone.

Amelia didn't deny it. "Mom, Oscar and I no longer have the affinity to be husband and wife. I'm only telling you now so that you won't be caught unprepared for it."

Olivia's hand trembled in rage. "Did he go back to Cassie?"

"Mom, Oscar has only loved one woman in his life. I've tried all ways to find my way into his heart. It's been four years. It's time for me to admit my defeat," Amelia confessed defeatedly. She'd spent four years trying to win one man's heart, yet he didn't even want the child between them.

Olivia rose and claimed, "I'm against the divorce. I'm gonna call him back right now. Don't worry. He won't do anything to you as long as I'm here."

Amelia took her hand, her eyes pleading. "Mom, I'd like to handle the matters between Oscar and me on my own. Please don't get involved. Oscar is a filial son; he'll obey you, but I don't want him to force himself to be with me because of it."

Olivia felt an ache in her heart as she looked at Amelia. "You're too kind-hearted, Amelia."

"And this kindness is only given to the Clintons. Don't worry. If there's a way to not divorce Oscar, I definitely won't. No matter what the conclusion is, you'll forever be my mom."

"All right, get some rest. I'll go rest as well."

"See you later, Mom."

Olivia didn't look good after she left Amelia's room. Seeing that, Owen's face fell. "She's not pregnant?"

"Trust you to teach such a good son. Before he's learned anything else, he's learned to divorce!" Olivia said furiously.

"What are you talking about?"

"Amelia said Oscar wants to divorce her."

"That's impossible. Their relationship seems all right to me."

"It's most probably because of that vamp, Cassie Yard. She simply doesn't wish for the Clintons to live in peace. But this is merely a cheap trick. Trust her to stir up such havoc." Olivia was so mad, she nearly cursed.

Owen pulled her to sit next to him and cajoled her, "All right, calm down. Let the kids settle their own problems. Oscar may not say anything if you interfered, but Amelia would have to suffer his wrath. You wouldn't want that, would you?"

Olivia finally soothed her emotions. Owen continued, "I've confirmed our flights to Caspardion. We'll leave the day after tomorrow. I'll take you around for a stroll, so you'll stop worrying so much."

Olivia waved her hand half-heartedly. "I don't want to concern myself about such things either. Even if they do get a divorce, Amelia will still be my child. She'll still

call me mom. It's just a pity that that foolish son of mine doesn't know how to cherish such a good woman. He'll definitely regret it in the future."

"As you said, he's foolish. How can a person mature without going through some setbacks in life? When he's seen through Cassie's true colors, he'll naturally realize how good Amelia was. But whether or not Amelia still wants him by then is up to his own abilities."

"So he's yet to seen through her even though she's hurt him before? I think he's donkey-brained. What's the point of being smart in business when he's as inflexible as a stupid pig in relationships?"

Owen couldn't help but laugh. "If he's a stupid pig, wouldn't that make you Mama Pig?"

Olivia chuckled as well, playfully giving her husband a punch. "Hey, I'm being serious here."

Owen cuddled her and lowered his voice. "Dearest, don't you think you dote on Amelia too much? More so than Stephanie? I even suspect that she's your real daughter instead. Thinking about it alone makes me jealous."

Olivia looked at him in surprise. "Why would you have such a thought?"

"Think about it. Don't you think you dote on Amelia more than Stephanie and Oscar?"

After thinking about it, Olivia came to that conclusion as well. "Owen, I merely feel that I have a lot in common to talk about with that child. There's no other meaning to it. You don't-

Owen interrupted, "We've been together for ages. Of course, I understand. But Stephanie's been spoiled by us since her childhood and is used to being in the center of attention. Putting aside someone who's abruptly out to compete with your love, you're too protective of Amelia. It's no wonder she would dislike Amelia. Therefore my compromise is that we'll go on a vacation and keep our hands out of the youngsters' business. You wouldn't want your conflict with Stephanie to worsen,

right?"

Olivia thought about it for a moment and sighed. "All right."

While Olivia was overwhelmed with mixed emotions, Oscar, who had used work as an excuse to leave hadn't gone to the company at all but had driven to a hotel instead. As soon as he parked the car, he went up straight to the twentieth floor.

Once the door was pulled open, a pretty figure jumped onto him and kissed him with delicate lips. Oscar hadn't avoided it either, taking the opportunity to shut the door and deepen the kiss instead.

As they gradually pulled apart, Cassie wrapped her arms around Oscar's neck and looked at him aggrievedly. "Oz, I thought you weren't coming."

Oscar carried her to the couch and said, "You're my beloved baby. One text from you and I'm here."

"You didn't talk much to me at the Clintons' and your mom seems to misunderstand me and you have a gorgeous-looking wife. I fear I no longer have a place in your heart." Cassie's head drooped slightly. Anyone could hear how aggrieved she sounded

Oscar lifted her chin and said affectionately, "Didn't I tell you I married her because she resembled you?"

"But the way you looked at her didn't seem right. We've been separated for four years. I'm afraid the feelings you had for me have all been transferred to her." Cassie's eyes welled up with tears. She had a pure, angelic appearance.

Oscar's heart instantly melted. "You know best who has my heart."

How affectionate Oscar was being was something Amelia would never get to experience herself.

Cassie smiled despite her tears, stroking his face with the same hands she played the piano with, her gaze turning besotted. "Oz, we've been separated for four years and I already fear that you no longer love me. Although you said you do, I've been back for days, and other than kissing me, you've yet to touch me anywhere else. Don't you love me anymore."

There was no change on Oscar's face as he explained, "You're too pure and innocent. I don't wish to taint the feelings between us before we get married."

Cassie leaned on his shoulder. Her eyes flashed with a flicker of ruthlessness, but her

mouth spoke in a tone of bliss. "Oz, you're too nice. I knew you truly loved me. I'll make sure to remain chaste until the day we get married. But when will you be divorcing that woman to marry me?"

Oscar gently stroked her waist-length hair and said, "As soon as you've settled your stuff in Erihal and moves back permanently, I'll divorce her."

"Can't you divorce immediately?"

His brows furrowed slightly, evidently not very pleased to hear her mention the divorce.

Cassie naturally noticed the changes in his expression and deliberately softened her tone. "Oz, please don't misunderstand me. I only wish to be with you as soon as possible and earn Mrs. Clinton's forgiveness. I was too willful in the past and had failed to consider your feelings. But going to Erihal was my decision alone. There was no other man. I need you to believe me."

Oscar pressed a finger over her lips, effectively keeping her quiet. "I believe you. You're an innocent and unpretentious girl. You wouldn't cheat on me. Don't worry about my mother. I'll explain to her."

"Oz, what if your mom never likes me?" Cassie asked in a soft voice.

"Silly girl, my mom doted on you the most. How could she not like you?"

"Back then, I hadn't listened to my parents and went overseas to fulfill my dream, making a fool of the Clintons. I fear she would hate me for it," Cassie said worriedly.

"I won't let you suffer," Oscar declared in certainty.

Cassie gazed at him as if love-struck, her words astonishing as she suggested, "Oz, will you touch me? You used to say I was too young, but I'm older now. Please touch me, or I'll feel insecure."

Oscar stared at her in incredulity as if she'd said something appalling. "Cassie, you're a precious gem in my heart. How could you say something like that?"

Cassie snuggled into his embrace. "Oz, I simply love you way too much. In the first place, I'd left because you refused to touch me and I suspected you didn't love me because of it. Now that I'm back and you still refuse to touch me. Is it because you

feel that my body is tainted?"

Oscar's heart softened at once. "You dummy! My heart has always been with you and this is an indisputable fact. I'm not touching you because I want to give you a perfect experience. That's why I'm waiting for us to get married first."

"Then have you touched Amelia Winters?" Cassie questioned sulkily.

Oscar responded righteously, "She's my wife. Of course, I have."

Cassie raised her head with the urge to make a fuss. "Oz, have you fallen for her?"

He immediately frowned, clearly displeased.

"Oz, don't be mad. I care about you too much. I did go abroad in a pique, but I've never imagined you to get married. I was so sad when I heard about your marriage. I fear you wouldn't want me anymore. That's why I'm so anxious."

Oscar cuddled her and said in a coddling voice, "Don't think too much. Prepare well for your piano recital and go back to Erihal to get your matters settled. As soon as you return, I'll divorce her. You wouldn't have to wait long."

Cassie knew she couldn't keep harping on it, lest it garner the opposite intended effect. "You said it yourself, Oz. Please don't disappoint me."

"You're the precious gem in my heart, remember? You're the last person I would ever disappoint."

Hearing that, Cassie grinned contentedly, finally relieved.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 38

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)
Chapter 38

A cell phone ringtone broke the ambiguity between them, and it was Cassie's cell phone ringing

Cassie picked up the phone and took a look. Her face darkened.

"Who is it?" Oscar asked.

Panic flashed in Cassie's eyes, and her hand holding the phone was tight. Oscar pressed harder and asked, "What's wrong? Is there a problem with the call?"

Cassie took a breath and reluctantly found an excuse. "It's a call from the team leader. (This novel will be daily updated at) I'm afraid he's calling me to go back to practice piano. What should I do? I don't want to leave your side."

"Just hang up if you don't want to answer the call." Oscar said, his voice soft.

Cassie got up and apologized, "Oz, I'd better answer it. I'm afraid it's urgent."

Oscar nodded.

Cassie ran into the bathroom and came out after talking on the phone for five minutes.

She looked at Oscar and was a little hesitant to speak.

"What's wrong? Is something bothering you?"

"The team leader wants me to go back now, saying that I need to be informed about some matters regarding the recital. But Oz, I don't want to part with you so soon."

Oscar stood up and stated, "Since it's work, let's go. I'll send you there."

"Okay," Cassie replied with a smile.

When they were going downstairs, Oscar unexpectedly received a call from Olivia, who asked him to return home.

As soon as he hung up the phone, Cassie asked, "Oz, what's the matter?"

"My mom wants me to go back. Can you drive there by yourself?"

"Mrs. Clinton is looking for you? Well, you should go."

Oscar nodded, kissed her on the cheek adoringly, and whispered, "I'll go back first then. Be careful on the way. Call me when you get there."

Cassie nodded obediently and was genuinely relieved when Oscar drove away.

She took out her phone and returned the call just now. (This novel will be daily updated at)As soon as the call went through, she questioned in a rude voice, "June, what are you doing in Chanaea?"

"I missed you. We agreed to work hard together in Erihal. Why did you go back to have a recital by yourself? Oh well, do what you want. I won't interfere with your future. Anyway, I missed you, Baby. I'm waiting for you at the Evergreen Hotel. Come, or I'll go directly to Oscar. He must be interested in the matter between us."

"How dare you!"

"It depends on your performance, Baby. I will give you an hour. If you're not gonna come, I have several videos of us in my hands. What do you think that man will do if he sees it?"

Cassie's pretty face was a little distorted. "Are you threatening me?"

"Baby, how can I bear to threaten you? I just miss you too much. You didn't leave me a message when you went back to Chanaea and I didn't blame for you that. Aren't you touched that I've flown all the way here to find you?"

Cassie tried hard to hold her temper.

"Baby, five minutes have passed. If you don't arrive in fifty-five minutes, I will send the video to that man."

"Wait for me. I'll be there soon."

Cassie hung up the phone.

Arriving at Evergreen Hotel, Cassie took the elevator to the fifteenth floor. She knocked on the door and was pulled in with brutal force instantly when the door opened as a tall figure then pushed her against the wall. He started kissing her lips,

but she raised her hand and slapped him in the face.

"June, have some respect, please. You are in the territory of the Yard family. If you frustrate me, I will have my way to ban you, as a foreigner, from coming back to Chanaea." Cassie stared at him viciously, showing no trace of weakness.

June was a tall foreigner who had the chiseled features of a male model.

"Baby, I haven't seen you in a few days. You look more attractive than before, like an angel. (This novel will be daily updated at)What should I do? I think I fell in love with you all over again." June didn't even take Cassie's threat to heart. He was still carefree as always.

Cassie pushed him away and said, "June, we've already broken up. Go back to where you came from. You're not welcomed here."

"Baby, who said anything about breaking up? We've been together for four years. I've helped you so much in your studies and spent so much money on you. You can't just break up with me like that. It's so unfair to me."

"June, I've paid you with my body. Isn't it reasonable for you to spend money on me? It's a fair deal between us, so you lose nothing."

June pinned her against the wall and whispered, "Baby, that's not what I meant. I really love you. In my eyes, you are an angel. You are so gorgeous that I can't live without you. I can spend all my money on you as long as you don't break up with me. My family background is no worse than that of Oscar. If you marry me, you will enjoy all pleasures of life. Don't girls like men with more money?"

Cassie looked at him coldly and murmured, "Are you done?"

June raised his hands and said, "Baby, I surrender. I know you are different from other women. In my eyes, you *are* an angel. Come on, Baby, give me a kiss and we'll go back to how it was before, just like old times."

Cassie responded coldly, "June, what exactly do you want? Is it money? Don't forget that we've already broken up."

June exaggeratedly declared "no" several times. He held Cassie's face in both hands and uttered, "Baby, you have misunderstood me. As long as you don't break up with me, let alone money, I can even give you more than one house. I know that the Yard family still has a bit of fame here, but they are no match to my home overseas."

Cassie unceremoniously slapped his hand away and yelled, "June, your family is not short of money and I know that. But it's really over between us."

'June forced her against the wall, looking malicious. "Baby, you've used me to gain your place overseas. I've sacrificed so much for you and now you want to leave me alone after you've become famous? Do you think it's that simple? Let

me tell you, I'm not done with you. If you want to be with the man from Clinton Corporations, you gotta seek my approval."

Cassie knew his temper far too well. He could do anything if he were to be driven to a corner. The top priority at the moment was to calm him down.

Cassie's eyes reddened as two drops of tears slid down her cheeks. Her tears made her angelic face looked all the more delicate and charming.

June panicked. He wiped her tears carefully and comforted her, "Why are you crying?"

Cassie shook away his hand and cried, "June, you don't love me. You treat me like a pet."

June had never fully understood the mind of a woman, so he genuinely thought that Cassie was sad.

"Okay, don't cry. I truly love you. As long as you don't return to Oscar, you can spend my money as you please, and I will continue to organize independent recitals for you."

Cassie hugged him. "June, you are really good to me, and I don't want to be separated from you. But the Clintons have extensive power, and Oscar has threatened my parents, saying that if I don't return to his side, he will take revenge on the Yard family. I am my parents' only child.(This novel will be daily updaed at) I can't be too unfilial, so I chose to break up with you and return to Chanaea to settle down.

June frowned in disbelief. "Really?"

Cassie looked at him innocently. "June, do you think I'm lying?"

Tears gushed down her cheeks again.

June wiped her tears away and comforted, "I believe you; I will handle Oscar. After

I've reached an agreement with the Clintons, you will go back to Erihal with me, and we'll get married."

A sharp glint flitted across Cassie's eyes, but she looked up with a pitiful expression.

"June, I knew it. I knew that you really love me. I broke up with you because I didn't want to hurt you. I didn't expect you to chase after me and I'm so happy because of that." Cassie feigned gratitude as she spoke.

Her acting had obviously manipulated June as he said, "Don't worry. Oscar can't harm me. As long as you are loyal to me, I will rescue you from his hands."

Cassie clenched her hand tightly before slowly loosening it.

"June, I am happy that you're here. When this recital is over, I will go back to Erihal with the group and by then you can go back with me. The focus of your work is in Erihal. Don't act childishly for me," Cassie said gently.

June said, "I will stay in Erihal obediently as long as you don't think of staying here or getting back together with Oscar."

Cassie rolled her eyes and said, "June, I've heard that your family business intends to expand its market in Chanaea. The Clintons are your first choice; you shouldn't offend them because of me."

June was an arrogant, rich tycoon. Nothing was impossible as long as there was money, good looks, and power. He was confident that any woman who loved another man would fall for him if he wanted them to.

Well, wasn't the woman in his arms one of them?

"Don't worry. The Clintons are indeed powerful in this city, but my family is not weak either. I've decided to start a foreign trade company here to protect you from all harms," June said with pride.

Cassie's lovely face twisted for a moment. "June, I know you'd do all this for me, but I still hope that you can focus on your career in Erihal. I don't want you to ruin your great future because of a woman."

June lowered his head directly and kissed the lips that he missed eagerly. (This novel will be daily updated at)Yet little did he expect to be pushed aside by Cassie mercilessly the next second.

"Baby, why?" June roared in dissatisfaction.

Cassie looked at him aggrievedly. "June, I've been really busy with the recital these days. I've been sleeping for only four to five hours a day. I am really exhausted now. Let's just chat, okay?"

June hugged her and said indifferently, "Come on, do you think I wouldn't know that you and Oscar were in a hotel and that you two were alone in the same room? I know what the two of you have been doing."

Cassie's expression turned unpleasant as she shrieked, "Have you been following me?"

June sat back on the couch. "You're finally showing your true colors, eh?"

Cassie looked at him condescendingly and inquired, "June, what exactly do you want?"

She knew that this man was like a piece of gum, stuck on the bottom of her shoe, and it would be difficult to get rid of him. However, she didn't expect him to go to the extreme. Not only did he come to Chanaea, which was thousands of miles away, but he had also been stalking her.

June raised his head to meet Cassie's annoyed gaze, stating casually, "Baby, you are mine. (This novel will be daily updated at)This game is not over until I say so. With all the ladies I have toyed with, I am always the one who ends the game, not them."

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 39

[/ Love You Enough to Leave You](#)
Chapter 39

Cassie was so exasperated that her chest hurt. *He's been faking it all along?*

"That's enough, June. It's over between us, so there's no point trying to stay in touch. You should leave Chanaea if you know better, lest you wanna stay stuck in a foreign land."

June glared at Cassie viciously. "You're threatening me?"

While speaking, he took out a few CDs. "These are our videos. You like it exciting, don't you? Would Oscar still think of you as the innocent, unsullied girl if I were to show him these? I said you look like an angel, but I left out another word. You're a fallen angel; you might be able to deceive every man with your looks, but you're actually wilder than any other woman out there."

Cassie's face immediately paled. Her lips couldn't stop quivering as her teeth chattered

"We were in love for four years, June. Do you really have to do this?"

June fiddled with the CDs in his hand. "Come back to me and I'll tell our families that we're getting married. I'm sure the Yard family would be thrilled about you having such an outstanding boyfriend."

Cassie refused to cave in. "You've gone too far, June! We can't go back to the past anymore. You're well-off and good-looking, so I'm sure many other girls are into you. Can't we go back to being friends?"

"I told you that the game's not over until I say so. If you can't get over Oscar Clinton, I'll show him what kind of woman you are. I heard he still thinks you're a pure and sheltered girl, but only an idiot would ever think of you as a shining angel."

Cassie trembled all over.

She had never expected June to be such an animal. Throughout the four years they were together, the man had treated her like a princess and used his power to pave the way for her career. That was how she had managed to become the best pianist in just a few years. On top of that, June had always treated her kindly, but it was only now that she realized the man was nothing but a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"You're a monster, June."

"Come back to me, and I'll turn back into the nice guy you've always known," June said in an arrogant tone.

Cassie raised her chin haughtily. "I'm not the ignorant young woman from back then anymore, June. You won't be able to win me over like that. If we're not meant to be, we're not meant to be. That's how love is. You can't call yourself a man if you keep acting like a sore loser."

June got up, his tall figure making Cassie feel slightly cornered. "Have you forgotten, Baby? You told me that you'd be mine if I turned you into a well-known pianist when we went to Erihal together. But now that you've gotten a little famous, you want to return to your ex? That's not going to happen."

Cassie gritted her teeth. "What do you want, June? Is it money? A new market in Chanaea? Just say the word, and the Yard family will work with you. But when things do take off, please stop clinging onto me. I don't love you, so I won't be happy if you force me to stay."

June suddenly grabbed hold of Cassie and kissed her by force. Then, he led her to the bed before pinning her down. "June!" she screamed. "Touch me, and I'll call the

cops!"

June couldn't care less; he continued to smother her in kisses.

Despite the woman cursing at him relentlessly, she soon felt herself being led away by June's impeccable skills. Two hours had passed by the time they were done.

Cassie lay in bed exhausted as June caressed her smooth body. "Baby, you keep saying you want to break up with me, but your body obviously tells me otherwise. Can Oscar even satisfy you like this in bed?"

Cassie slapped his hand away, got off the bed, and picked up her clothes on the floor. "It's over between us, June. Consider this a repayment of debt. Try anything funny again, and I won't hesitate to make you pay."

June immediately dragged Cassie back onto the bed and began to rip her clothes apart.

"Trying to get rid of me, eh?" he sneered while gazing at her condescendingly. "Since

when were you this naive?"

Cassie's face fell. "What on earth do you want?"

"Nothing much. I just want you to come back to me."

"We can't go back to the past, June."

"That's not what your body says. You know how much chemistry we have in bed. I don't think any other man can make you feel as good as I can. Come back to me; I don't mind if you still love Oscar."

"We can never get back together, June."

June stripped her bare, and thus began another round of lovemaking.

The two bodies intertwined until the sky turned dark. By the time they separated once again, Cassie could practically faint from exhaustion.

June continued to caress her soft skin. "I love your body too much, Baby. It's so smooth and silky. It's no wonder everyone says that you Astorians don't seem to age. You look as young as a fifteen-year-old."

Cassie pushed him away and glared at him coldly. "Are you done with your nonsense?"

"You were on fire, Baby," June remarked with a wave of his hand. "I'm happy, so I'll stop fussing over you and Oscar. But remember, you're mine. If I see you getting all cozy with other guys, don't blame me for what happens next."

With that, June got off the bed, revealing his perfect build.

While putting on his clothes, he gazed at Cassie as though she was a prized

possession. "You should try your best to please me while I still love you, Baby, instead of running away like a fool. I have to have you. If you don't listen to what I say, I suppose Oscar would look forward to seeing your true colors."

Cassie's face turned pale with fright, for she had never expected to have gotten herself involved with such a monster.

She grabbed a pillow and threw it at him. "You're going too far, June! I love Oscar. If

you do something to make him leave me, I'm taking you down with me."

"Love? You said the same about me too. Or have you forgotten?"

"If it weren't for my career and future, I would've never chosen to be with you. Not even ten of you could ever compare to one Oscar," Cassie spouted in exasperation.

June's gaze instantly darkened. "You'd better be more careful with your words, Baby. Piss me off, and I'll destroy your reputation. Once I upload those videos on the internet, not only will Oscar not want you anymore, but your career as a pianist will be over too."

Cassie screamed as her entire body quivered, "June, you scumbag! You said you love me, but can you really call this love? How could you do this to me? Is this how you love someone?"

June leaned back on the couch and responded lazily, "Baby, I'm just teaching you a lesson. I want you to understand our little game of love will never end until I say 'cut'. I don't want to fail when it comes to chasing my women."

Cassie whipped out her phone. "Aren't you afraid I'd call the cops?" she threatened.

"Go ahead. I'm sure Oscar would love to see all those hickeys on your body."

Cassie felt at a loss.

"When will you ever let me go, June?"

"When I'm tired of you."

"You're despicable! This isn't how love should be! How dare you call yourself a man?"

"When I get my woman back, no one would say I'm not a man."

Cassie wrapped herself with the blanket before getting out of bed and calmly sitting on the couch across the room.

"If you're bothered by how much money you've spent on me, I'll return everything. Give me a number, and I'll do my best to reimburse you."

"You know I don't lack money, Baby."

"Then what the hell do you want?"

"Have you forgotten? I only want you. Come back to me, and I'll love and spoil you all you want."

"You're crazy, June! I told you it can never happen again, but you just can't get over me. You're not a man at all!"

"I'm not a man? Did you forget what we did all night?"

Cassie was rendered speechless. She could only glare at him.

"What's there not to like about being with me, Baby? I'll give you all the branded purses you want. If it's a villa you want, you'll get it, and it'd be under your name too. I can give you everything. I don't see why you'd want to leave me."

Without responding to him, Cassie picked up the telephone and dialed a number. "Please send a set of woman's clothes over to Room 1409. Make it quick."

Then, she immediately hung up.

"I'm not going to sugarcoat anything, June. I'm done with you, and I'm done playing games with you. Stop clinging to me if you have even the slightest bit of shame. I'm tired of all this, and I'm sure you don't like it either."

"But I just love it when you're mad, Baby," June responded nonchalantly. "You have such an innocent face, but you're always so wild in bed. I can't get enough of you."

"Shut your mouth!" Cassie roared.

"And you're just as enchanting when you're mad. Everything you do captures my heart. I'm the one who understands you the most; are you really going to leave me?"

"You can get everything you want, June. You're practically God's favorite child! So why won't you let me go?"

June shrugged. "You just answered your own question. Do you think such a perfect guy like me would ever let a woman dump him?"

At the end of day, his ego would never allow it.

"Fine. Then *you* break up with me, okay?"

"But I don't want to. Your body's just too good. I've met so many other women, but you're the one I like most. I don't want to let you go."

Just as Cassie was about to cuss at him, a knock came on the door.

She opened it to find a female receptionist standing outside.

"Hello, Miss. Here's the outfit we've prepared for you. Do give it a try and let us know if you're happy with it."

Cassie took the clothes and shut the door right away.

Then, she walked into the bathroom to get changed. Upon walking back out, June's eyes lit up as he saw her. "Your body's amazing as always, Baby. I personally chose this outfit and left it with them. It suits you so well."

Cassie grabbed her purse. "I don't care what you're after, June. If you dare tell Oscar anything about us, I'm going to make you pay even if it kills me."

June grabbed her from behind. "Why are you in such a rush to leave? Just stay for the night."

Instead, Cassie shook him off and headed for the door.

"I'll call you whenever I need you, Baby, so I hope you'll come over right away. Don't ignore my calls, or I might just accidentally send those videos to Oscar."

"You scumbag!"

Cassie glared at him before opening the door to leave.

June watched the door slam shut. "I've spent way too much time and money on you, and now you're leaving me after you've had your fill? Do you think I'm an idiot? You're mine, and only I get to dump you."

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 40

Chapter 40

Cassie did not know what June was thinking about. After exiting the hotel, she closed her eyes to enjoy the breeze as she thought, *June can still blackmail me. If he uploads it on the internet, not only will my reputation suffer, but I'm afraid Oscar won't love me anymore. No. I've spent far too long to finally know which man truly treats me well. Back then I was too young, and that's why I betrayed Oscar once. Now, I won't let Oscar go anymore.*

The relationships she had with other men were not long-lasting; Oscar was the only one she wanted to spend the rest of her life with. There was no way she was going to let Oscar go anymore.

After taking in a deep breath, she took out her phone to dial the number she memorized by heart. Once the call went through, she sobbed, "Oz, is that you? I'm feeling down. Can you come and keep me company for a while?"

To her surprise, Oscar was not the one who picked up the call; it was Amelia. "I'm sorry, Ms. Yard. I'm Amelia, his wife. I think you should call someone else if you're feeling down. It's best not to pine for a man with a wife. You're from a wealthy family, so I'm sure no one in your family has taught you to become someone's mistress, right?"

Cassie paled. As there was no one around her, she dropped the act. "Where's Oscar? Why do you have his phone?"

Amelia chuckled. "Ms. Yard, that's funny. Oscar's my husband. If I don't have his phone, who else would? Ms. Yard, if there's nothing else-good day."

"Get Oscar to pick up the call."

"He's in the shower."

"Tell him about the call when he comes out."

"Ms. Yard, are you drunk? Are you asking me, his wife, to ask her husband to call you? I think you're a little too naive for your age, Ms. Yard."

"Amelia, you'd better not push your luck. Don't assume that I don't know Oscar and you had a marital agreement. You'll be divorcing him soon. Stop hoarding a title that doesn't belong to you."

"So what if it's a marriage with a contract? I'm his wife right now. Once I'm pregnant with his baby, Ms. Yard, there'll be no place for you in our family."

Cassie's expression darkened.

"Amelia, aren't you afraid that I'll tell Oscar what you said?"

"The Ms. Yard I know likes to pretend to be innocent and weak, so I don't think she'll talk behind people's backs. After all, she's the kind who tries her best to leave a good impression on guys. No woman who likes to talk behind others' backs will be liked by men."

At that, Cassie ended the call.

Amelia stared at her dimming screen, a sneer emerging on her face. "How wild mistresses are nowadays. I can't believe she's actually confronting the actual wife and thinks she's right. How shameless."

Then, Amelia deleted the call history and leaned back against the headboard as she read her novel. When Oscar came out from the bathroom in a robe, she put down her book. Noticing how damp his hair was, she pulled open the drawer and took out a hairdryer.

"Come here. I'll dry your hair for you."

Hearing her, Oscar walked over.

As she dried his hair for him, she asked, "Mr. Clinton, you weren't out today for business matters, were you?"

As he enjoyed her gentle actions, he replied truthfully, "I went to meet Cassie."

"Mr. Clinton, you're quite honest. Aren't you afraid that I'll feel upset hearing that?" Amelia murmured.

"You've already known about Cassie before we got married. Why would you feel upset?" Oscar replied nonchalantly.

For a moment, Amelia paused in her tracks. With a quiet, bitter laugh, she thought, *This must be the difference between love and not.*

Instantly, the atmosphere turned tense.

Amelia was about to put away the hairdryer after drying his hair when he grabbed her hand and asked, "Are you unhappy?"

Amelia gave him a smile. "Do you even care about that, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar furrowed his brows. He hated when she was sarcastic. To him, his pet should be obedient, not talking back to the owner.

"What's with that tone?"

Amelia glanced at his hand and muttered, "Mr. Clinton, could you let go of my hand first? You're hurting me."

After letting go of her, he questioned, "Tell me. Why are you unhappy?"

"Mr. Clinton, you always talk about another woman in front of your wife. Do you think I'd be happy?"

Oscar frowned.

"Have you fallen in love with me?"

With a smile that did not quite reach her eyes, Amelia answered, "Mr. Clinton, this has nothing to do with love. This is about possessiveness. No pretty woman would like to hear a man praising the beauty of another woman in her face."

Casting her an odd glance, Oscar asked, "What's wrong with you?"

His words sent a pang of agony to Amelia's heart. *He's really hurting me with the love I have for him.*

"It's getting late. Let's sleep," she said instead. Pulling the blanket higher, she shut her eyes and ignored him.

However, Oscar turned her around and persisted, "What's wrong with you? You're being sarcastic."

Amelia shook her head.

"Just assume that I'm on my period so I'm in a bad mood."

"Isn't your period supposed to come in ten more days? Has it started earlier?"

Amelia's eyes flew open, and she shot a frustrated glare at him. "You're smart when you're in negotiations, but aren't you good at pretending to be a fool when you're around me?"

Oscar's brows knitted into a knot.

"Be clear with your words."

Amelia grinned. "What do you want me to say, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar stared at the bare-faced Amelia, his heart skipping a beat. She was too much like Cassie, but at the same time, there was something about her that Cassie did not have.

She was like a poppy flower when she had her makeup on. Despite knowing that she was poisonous, many men would still want to have her. Yet, without makeup, she seemed less aggressive and much softer. If he were to stare at her, he would actually realize that she was prettier than Cassie.

At that very moment, it was as if someone had whisked Oscar's heart away, and he found himself in a daze as he gazed at her.

"Mr. Clinton, what's wrong?" Amelia's voice brought him back to reality.

Oscar collected himself and cleared his throat. "Where's my phone?"

Strangely staring at the table, Amelia pointed at the phone on it. "Isn't it right there?"

Oscar tapped his nose subconsciously before asking casually, "Did anyone call me?"

Amelia giggled. "Mr. Clinton, whose call are you waiting for? Ms. Yard's?"

Frowning at that, he gave up on checking his phone as he uttered curtly, "Sleep."

With that said, he lay down and turned off the bedside lamp.

In the dark, Amelia lay in the crook of his arm. "Mr. Clinton, aren't you going to call

Ms. Yard? What if she's waiting for you to wish her good night? She might get angry and ignore you if you don't call her."

"Sleep. It's late."

Amelia continued fearlessly, "Mr. Clinton, you don't need to care about how I feel. Call her quickly. Didn't you say you love her? How can you not understand that she wants to hear your voice?"

Turning around to pin her under him, Oscar's magnetic voice traveled into her ears. "Are you complaining that I'm too unconcerned about you?"

"Don't misunderstand my words, Mr. Clinton. I'm just kindly giving you a reminder."

Hanging his head, Oscar kissed her parting mouth. Then, without any hesitation, he undid her pajamas, and they began their intimate act.

Amelia was so exhausted thereafter that fatigue overcame her. However, the abruptly ringing phone interrupted them.

Anxiety suddenly washed over her heart when she heard Oscar's voice. "Hello."

On the other end of the call, Cassie wailed, "Oz, someone's trying to bully me. I'm scared!"

Immediately, Oscar sounded worried. "Where are you?"

Amelia could not hear the following words that Cassie said, but she saw Oscar fumed, "Wait there. I'll come to you right away."

Having said that, he then rushed down the bed to put on his clothes before leaving the room. Amelia trailed behind him as she pulled a sleeping robe to cover herself up. "Mr. Clinton, where are you going?"

"Something has happened to Cassie, so I'm going to take a look." With that, he opened the door and left. Amelia had wanted to tell him that she was going to go with him, but the man did not even give her the chance to voice that.

Oscar sped his way to Cassie. In half an hour's time, he reached the bar Cassie was at. After parking his car, he got down only to see that the bar was more like a nightclub. He frowned but did not hesitate in entering. Right as he stepped into the property, he

saw several gangsters trying to tow Cassie toward the outside.

Seeing red, he strode over and punched one of them before pulling Cassie behind him. Worriedly, he asked, "Cassie, are you okay?"

Cassie stared at him and suddenly wailed, "Oz, why were you so late? I was so scared that I won't see you again."

At that second, Oscar wanted nothing else but to embrace her and console her, but he needed to deal with the gangsters first.

"Hey, who are you?" the gangster who had been hit hissed.

"Boss, who cares about who he is. He's dressed well, so he must be some kid from a rich family. Why don't we take him and blackmail his family for some money? That'll be enough to last us some time."

"Then what are you waiting for?"

With a shout from the leader, the gangsters swarmed forward. Pushing Cassie aside, Oscar instructed, "Get to somewhere safe and hide."

While Cassie hid among the crowd, Oscar easily fought against the group of gangsters. "I've called the cops. Keep this up if you plan to spend your next few days in the station."

Hearing his words, they shared a look with each other. One of them yelled, "Boss, what do we do now?"

The leader yelled back, "What are you standing around for? Are you waiting for the cops to come to get you?"

As soon as those words left his mouth, the group of gangsters fled the scene.

Cassie pounced at him as her tears fell. "Oz, are you okay? This is all my fault. If I didn't come to the bar, you wouldn't be surrounded by them."

Oscar wrapped his arms around her waist and muttered, "It's too chaotic here. Let's go out before we continue."

Only after paying for the damages of the broken tables and chairs then did he lead

Cassie out of the place. Once they entered his car, he buckled her seatbelt for her as he queried, "Cassie, were you hurt?"

She shook her head.

Then, he checked her over, and when he realized that she only had slight bruising on her wrist, he sighed in relief.

Tentatively peeking at him, Cassie whispered, "Oz, are you angry?"

He nodded and asserted, "I am. I'm angry about why you, a girl, have come to such a chaotic place in the middle of the night. I'm even angrier about the fact that you didn't call others along."

Cassie wept, "I'm sorry, Oz. I was just feeling upset. I never thought that the local bars would be such a chaotic place after my four years of absence. I didn't mean to do this; I did call you earlier and asked you to keep me company, but Ms. Winters was the one to pick up the call. She told me that you're going to sleep with her soon, and she told me to stop wrecking other people's families as a mistress. Her words made me upset. We evidently have feelings for each other, but I'm suddenly the third wheel of your relationship with her. I was confused and sad, so I wanted to get a few drinks at the bar. I didn't expect this to happen."

By the end of her explanation, Oscar's expression was darker than night.

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Chapter 41

“You called me?”

Cassie nodded as she made herself look even more innocent and pitiful. “I called you, but Ms. Winters said that you were in the shower. She was the one to say that too. Oz, I don’t mean to ruin your marriage. I just love you too much. If you think that I’m a homewrecker, I’ll go back to Erihal.”

Oscar narrowed his eyes, but his gaze remained fixed on the road. “I’ll deal with Amelia, so don’t overthink it.”

Cassie mumbled, “Oz, are you mad at me?”

He shook his head and reassured, “Why would I? But you’ll have to minimize your visits to bars. It’s fine if you want to go there, but you’ll have to call me along. You’re too pretty, and I’m afraid others might do something to you.”

Cassie nodded. “Oz, I’m sorry. I won’t do it again.”

“You must have gotten a fright from that. I’ll send you home first.”

“Oz, send me to the hotel from earlier.”

“You’re not going back to Yard Manor?”

“It’s too late. I’ll only wake my parents and worry them if I go back now,” Cassie replied.

Oscar nodded in understanding and drove to the hotel instead.

After taking the elevator to the twentieth floor and sending her to the room, Oscar said, “Cassie, rest well. I’ll take a trip back first.”

Promptly, Cassie hugged him from behind and sobbed, “Oz, don’t leave me. I was nearly molested by a bunch of gangsters earlier. I’m scared. Can you stay with me?”.

As she expected, Oscar relented.

He led Cassie to the couch before boiling some water. Then, he poured her a glass of hot water and placed it on the table. “Drink when it’s cooler.”

Cassie wrapped her arms around his waist and mumbled, "Oz, I was so scared just now. I was so afraid that they'll violate me, and I won't be able to be with you anymore. I'm so glad you came in time."

He patted her back and consoled, "Silly, even if anything does happen, I'll still love you like before. To me, it's nothing. Don't get stressed over it."

Cassie paled, but still, she shamelessly continued, "Oz, you always said that I'm innocent, so I wanted to save myself for you. I only have one man, and that's you. Regardless of whether we marry or not, I just want to save myself for you."

Oscar was a man, and a man loves it when a woman saves herself for him.

Since ancient times, men were always the ones who could flirt around, but women were not allowed to do the same.

"Cassie, you're too good. I'll never do you wrong."

A cunning look flashed past her eyes, but she whined, "Oz, at the end of the day, you're still married. No matter how good or bad your relationship with Ms. Winters is, I'll still be the mistress who'll ruin your marriage. Those who don't know what's going on will say that I'm a shameless woman. That's something I mind. If I were more sensible when I was younger, I wouldn't have abandoned you for my future and left for Erihal. Now that I'm back, I only have myself to blame that you now have a wife."

"You're my woman. Who dares to talk bad about you?" Oscar whispered as his heart ached, hugging her tightly.

Cassie's eyes turned bloodshot as she croaked, "But I'm still the third wheel of your relationship. Oz, I'll really have nothing left if you abandon me in the future."

Holding her tighter, Oscar coaxed, "Silly, I'll marry you. Don't mind Amelia's words. I'll deal with her soon. I won't let her intervene in our relationship."

Cassie leaned into his arms. "Oz, if I'm putting you in a tight spot, I'll go back to Erihal. I'm fine staying in Erihal."

Oscar insisted, "You're not allowed to say you're going to leave me anymore. I let you leave once, but I won't let you leave again. Even if you were to go back to Erihal, I'll go there and bring you back."

A victorious smile crept upon Cassie's smile as she uttered words that seemed considerate. "Oz, don't blame Amelia for picking up my call for you. I don't want to be the reason for you to fight with her."

Patting her head, Oscar sighed. "You're too kind, but I won't let her off the hook so easily this time. If I were to come any second later, I don't know where those gangsters would bring you to. No one will know what will happen to you."

Cassie stared into his eyes and consoled, "Oz, I'm fine."

"Amelia should feel glad that you're fine, or else I'm going to kill her," Oscar said through gritted teeth.

"Oz, don't get mad. Ms. Winters didn't know that something would happen to me either. I was too reckless; if I had stayed at home, this wouldn't have happened. I wouldn't have troubled you to come all the way here to save me. Oz, am I too difficult? I've been troubling you a lot," Cassie said quietly as she stared at him with wide, distressed eyes.

Hunching over to lift her into his arms, Oscar carried her to the bed and tucked her into the blanket. Softly, he said, "Sleep. I'll stay with you."

Cassie gave him a sweet smile, then patted at the empty spot beside her. "Oz, it's getting late. You should sleep too."

Instead of rejecting her, Oscar climbed onto the bed and held her in his arms. "Sleep."

She nodded.

Just then, his phone rang. When Oscar picked up his phone, he realized it was a call from Amelia.

Oscar instantly declined the call, and Cassie asked, "Oz, who's that?"

With a grave look on his face, Oscar responded, "Amelia."

Cassie gasped, "Oz, you should take the call. I'm sure Ms. Winters is worried since you came out in the middle of the night."

Oscar simply switched off his phone and placed it on the bedside table. "Sleep."

Burying herself in his arms, Cassie cooed, "Oz, will Ms. Winters fight with you tomorrow if you don't pick up the call?"

He only patted the back of her hand and repeated, "Sleep. I'll know what to do about Amelia."

Cassie closed her eyes and mumbled under her breath, "Oz, you have to tell me if Ms. Winters gets into a fight with you. I don't want to keep causing troubles for you."

The next morning at eight, Cassie woke up. When she realized that Oscar had yet to wake up, she smiled and leaned down to kiss him.

Right as she was about to part his lips, he opened his eyes and stopped her. "Cassie, don't."

Cassie frowned as she looked at Oscar, disappointed. "Oz, you said you don't want to touch me for now, but not even for a kiss?"

Oscar ran his fingers through her hair and answered, "Cassie, I'm scared that if I touch your lips, my body will respond to it. I don't want to take you before marrying you."

Cassie eagerly replied, "Oz, I've grown up. I want to give myself to you."

Immediately, he turned gloomy. "Cassie, I'll send you back to Yard Manor first. I'll be going back home in a bit."

It was only an excuse that Oscar did not want to have sex with her before marriage. Although he said he loved Cassie, he did not want her as much as he wanted Amelia. Every time he looked at Amelia, his mind was full of those thoughts. On the other hand, when he looked at Cassie, there was a strict line between them that forced him to stay on his side and to treat Cassie rationally.

Abruptly taking off her pajamas, Cassie lunged toward Oscar and seductively whispered, "Oz, does my body look good?"

Oscar stared at her fair skin and calmly put her pajamas back on. "The temperature is quite low in the room. Don't catch a cold."

Panic exploded in her mind as she grabbed Oscar's hand. "Oz, do I not look pretty?"

Oscar gazed at her serenely. "Cassie, don't overthink it. I just want us to have the perfect memory for our first time."

Cassie returned his gaze woefully. "Oz, is that what you'll do to Amelia? Will you put on her clothes calmly like this too?"

His mood darkened, and he uttered, "Cassie, you had a frightful experience last night, so I'll pretend you never said that. Don't say them anymore."

"Oz, I'm sorry." Cassie put on her gentle facade again. "I was too rash just now. I'm scared that Ms. Winters will take you away from me. She looks so beautiful and so much like me. I'm scared that you'll project your feelings for me onto her instead. I'm really afraid."

"All right, cease your thoughts. I'll send you back first," Oscar consoled, patting her back.

She nodded.

When they arrived at Yard Manor, Cassie unbuckled her safety belt and turned to Oscar. "Oz, come in for a while. My parents have been talking about you to me. They'll be thrilled to see you."

However, Oscar shook his head. "I'm good. There are some things I have to settle at home first."

"All right, I'll go in by myself then. Remember to give me a call when you reach home, okay?" Cassie replied easily as if she did not mind his words.

He nodded.

"Cassie, don't think about it, okay? My heart is yours."

A bright smile grew on her face, and she beamed, "Oz, stay safe on the road. Call me when you reach home."

He nodded again.

After Cassie alighted from the car, Oscar drove straight to the Clinton residence.

Stepping into the living room, he instantly saw Amelia peeling an apple while sitting

beside Olivia, his mother. Oscar had originally returned with anger burning bright in him, but when he was greeted by the sight of Amelia and his mother spending a joyful time together, his anger dissipated.

Olivia was the first to notice Oscar's return. The moment she did, her expression turned grim. "You're back?"

"Mom," Oscar greeted as he walked over.

Olivia looked daggers at Oscar and uttered, "Oscar, you're getting more and more unruly. You won't even listen to me anymore. I know I can't change your thoughts, but I'll tell you now—the only daughter-in-law I'll accept is Amelia. If you choose someone else, you can forget about calling me your mom anymore."

Oscar gave Amelia a perplexed look. "Mom, what are you talking about? I respect you the most; why would I not heed your words?"

"You know I don't like Cassie, but you ignored my words and went to her. Are you trying to piss me off?"

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Chapter 42

Oscar glanced at Amelia again and Olivia added, "Why are you looking at her? You've been her husband for four years. Don't you know that she's not someone who will talk behind others' back? I rarely intervene in your matters, but you're still my son. I still know what you've done. Now that you have a wife, I hope you'll stop flirting around and ignore the women who you should not bother yourself with."

Oscar's expression turned grim. "Mom, I heard Dad say that he booked two tickets to Caspation. Enjoy your trip with him. I'll pay for all the expenses."

Olivia waved dismissively. "Oscar, I told you I won't intervene in your matters, (This novel will be daily updated at)but I hope you'll realize who actually treats you well and who's the woman who should be the most important to you. Don't regret it."

Oscar was her son, and it was impossible for Olivia not to realize that he had some feelings for Amelia. She knew that he might not even notice it, and she was afraid that he would assume that his love was for the traitorous Cassie instead of Amelia, who had been with him for four years.

That is how men sometimes are. They do not cherish what they have, and they would yearn for the one who hurt them. It is because they could not get the latter, and that is why the latter seems exceptionally precious. However, once the man has spent some time with the woman who hurt him, he would realize that what he had for that woman is not love but his unwillingness to admit defeat.

"Mom, have you had your breakfast?" Oscar said instead, sitting down.

"I'm too furious to have an appetite." It seemed like Olivia was truly angry this time, for her tone was glacial.

Amelia then handed Olivia an apple with a smile. (This novel will be daily updated at)"Mom, Oscar only went to the office for his work. You're his mother, so he won't say anything even if you reprimand him. However, it won't be the same for me, who is his wife. So, Mom, please let Oscar off the hook this time for my sake."

Her words amused Olivia, and she chuckled.

"Don't you know that I'm trying to stand up for you?"

"Mom, you're the best mother-in-law I've ever seen. For my sake, don't be mad at

Oscar anymore."

Finally, Olivia's mood seemed to improve.

Staring at Oscar, Olivia advised, "Oscar, I won't stick my nose into your marriage affairs, but I hope you'll pay attention and figure out who's the one who treats you best. Don't make any rash decisions only to regret them in the end."

Oscar listened in silence and seeing that, Olivia could only sigh.

After lunch at the Clinton residence, Oscar and Amelia then went back to their apartment located in the city center. Upon entering the apartment, Oscar sat down on the couch and gazed at Amelia gloomily.

With a smile, Amelia walked over and asked, "Mr. Clinton, are you angry with me?"

His voice was low as he questioned, "Did Cassie call me yesterday?"

Instead of hiding it from him, Amelia nodded honestly. "Yes. What's the matter? Did Ms. Yard tattletale on me?"

Oscar's expression turned even grimmer. "I see you're getting bolder, Amelia. Not only did you pick up my call without telling me, but you even deleted the call history. If something happened to her last night, I would never forgive you."

The smile remained on Amelia's face as she replied to him, (This novel will be daily updated at) "Mr. Clinton, I'd like you to find out the truth before you point fingers. Ms. Yard called last night, so I told her that you were showering and to call again after your shower. She then ended the call without saying anything else. I don't know what else she said to you."

Oscar's brows knitted. "Is that really all you said?"

"Mr. Clinton, what else were you expecting me to say?"

The way Oscar kept staring at her made her panic.

"You left the Clinton residence in a rush last night. When I called you, you didn't pick up. I hope Ms. Yard has a place in your heart, but as your legal wife, couldn't you at least pick up my call?"

"A group of gangsters tried to take Cassie away yesterday. If I were a minute too late,

she could have been.." Oscar trailed off.

The corner of Amelia's lips curled as she mocked, "So you had been in a rush last night to save the damsel in distress. As most stories go, you must have slept with the damsel. Are you going to talk to me about the divorce next?"

"Amelia, watch your words," Oscar huffed.

She dropped the smile and gravely said, "I'll shut my mouth then."

Oscar stood up to lean closer to her. Then gripping her chin, he said, "Amelia, it's best that you know your place. Stop yearning for things that don't belong to you. From now on, you're not allowed to pick up Cassie's call, and don't you dare delete my call history. Or else."

Amelia's heart writhed in pain, but she still smiled. "How ruthless you are, Mr. Clinton. Regardless of everything, we're still married for four years. Although it's a marriage with a contract, even if you raise a pet, you'll have feelings for it. I never thought you would be such a heartless person, (This novel will be daily updated at)Mr. Clinton. Since you're drawing a line between us, I won't intervene in your matters from now on. I'm feeling a little down, so I'll be going out for a walk. I won't be coming back tonight."

With that said, Amelia took her bag and walked toward the main door. However, in the next second, Oscar grabbed her wrist.

"Where are you going?"

"Since it seems like you don't want to see me around, I'll remove myself from your line of sight," Amelia replied without turning around.

"Come back."

She hesitated for a moment, but still turned around and returned. She sat on the couch and folded her arms.

Still standing, Oscar looked downward at her and uttered, "Amelia, your temper is worsening. All I do is to say a few words, and you'd be throwing a tantrum."

"How dare I feel angry at you, Mr. Clinton?"

"What is this if not anger?"

Amelia fell silent.

“Stay here and think about what you’ve done. I’ll go upstairs to take a shower first.” Oscar was about to head to the stairs, but little did he expect Amelia to speak. “Mr. Clinton, let’s get a divorce. I don’t want your terms anymore.”

At that, he halted in his tracks and turned to stare at her.

“Say that again.”

Rising to her feet, Amelia fearlessly looked at him and enunciated, “Mr. Clinton, ever since Ms. Yard came back, it’s as if you’ve changed. Although we’re married with a contract, we’re still legal husband and wife. If you can’t even believe your own wife, I don’t think there’s any need for us to stay married.”

To her surprise, Oscar stepped forward to grab her chin and snarled, “Amelia, you have no right to mention the divorce. So you want a divorce? It’s not impossible, but speak to me again when you have a hundred million. Otherwise, you have no say about when this marriage will end.”

Grinning, Amelia asked, “Mr. Clinton, you don’t love me, so why are you insisting to keep me by your side?”

Oscar sneered, “Amelia, you married me for money back then, but you’re now talking about love? Don’t you find yourself a hypocrite?”

At that, she froze as her rationality returned.

“Mr. Clinton, I’m sorry. I lost control earlier.”

This time, it was Oscar’s turn to be stunned.

Amelia walked over to sit on the couch, saying sincerely, “Mr. Clinton, I’m very sorry about picking up Ms. Yard’s call last night. I won’t pick up any calls for you nor go through your phone without your permission from now on.”

Amelia’s apologies left Oscar at a loss for what to do.

She continued, “Mr. Clinton, may I help you with anything else?(This novel will be daily updaed at) I’m just a working woman, and you’re my client. I won’t dare to offend you.” .

Frowning, Oscar muttered, “You’re not allowed to speak to me in such a sarcastic way.”

Amelia immediately schooled her features into a gentler look. “Mr. Clinton, I’ll take note of it. Don’t worry. I won’t let myself have hope in the future. I’ll definitely play the role you’ve given me well.”

Hearing those words of hers did not lift Oscar's mood; instead, his mood worsened.

Amelia then stood up and walked toward him with a smile. "Mr. Clinton, I've already changed my methods. Are you still not satisfied?"

He took her head and said, "Cassie is back for now, but she'll be leaving in a few days; she won't affect your position in the Clinton family. You don't need to worry and don't tattletale to Mom. Mom loves you, but you can't use her love for you as a weapon."

Amelia calmly stated, "Mr. Clinton, you might have misunderstood the situation. I didn't say anything to Mom. In this family, the only one who can make me feel at home is Mom. Even if I were to go against all my morals, I won't use her. You can rest assure about that."

It was only with that reassurance then did Oscar's complexion lightened up.

"Mr. Clinton, if you have nothing else, I'd like to go to Tiff's. I won't come back tonight."

Oscar's expression turned dark again.

"Amelia, stop throwing a tantrum. I have limited patience."

"Mr. Clinton, you might have misunderstood me; I'm not throwing a tantrum. Tiff's been having nightmares recently, and she's scared of being alone, so she's asked me to keep her company. I wanted to tell you about it yesterday, but you went out, so I couldn't."

"Spend lesser time with that woman in the future. I don't want her to change you for the worse."

"Mr. Clinton, she's my friend, and I hope that you can respect her instead of slandering her," came Amelia's earnest reply.

"I won't do anything to her as long as she watches her mouth in front of you."

"What are you so afraid of, Mr. Clinton? Are you afraid she'll say that you're still spending time with your ex even though you got a wife?"

Oscar spared her one last glance before he headed upstairs.

Staring at his retreating figure, Amelia sighed. *I was acting too rashly today. If this continues, Oscar and I will have a falling out one day.*

She then spent some time sitting on the couch before finally going upstairs. Although she did not see any signs of him in the bedroom, she heard the sounds of running water coming from the bathroom. Walking over to twist the knob, she realized the door was unlocked. The moment she entered, she saw Oscar standing under the showerhead, letting the water run down his body.

Greedily taking in his perfect body shape, Amelia tiptoed in and hugged him from behind. She whispered, "Darling, are you angry?"

Not turning around, Oscar turned off the faucet and asked, (This novel will be daily updated at) "Why did you come in?"

Hugging him tighter, Amelia whispered seductively, "Darling, I was wrong. I shouldn't have talked back to you. All I had was a woman's natural possessiveness. I know you love Ms. Yard, but I was the one who accompanied you through happy and sad times. For a woman to suddenly appear and steal all your attention away from me, I'd definitely feel upset. This has nothing to do with love. I'm just upset, that's all.

So don't be angry at me anymore, okay?"