

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 43

Chapter 43

Oscar turned around to examine Amelia's now wet body, her dress clinging to her skin, highlighting her figure. His pupils dilated and he let out a low growl. He could feel the blood rushing to his nether regions.

Amelia noticed the change in his eyes. She smiled confidently and said, "Darling, you may not like me as a person, but you can't seem to resist my body."

Oscar took her in his arms and kissed her, pinning her against the wall. As their bodies melded into one, the pair then let their desires get the better of them.

An hour later, Oscar carried Amelia out of the shower and placed her gently onto the bed. He looked at her uncovered protruding belly and frowned. "Amelia, let's go to the hospital."

Amelia, who was already dozing off, was awakened by Oscar's words. She looked at him. "Darling, what do you mean?"

"Why does your belly seem to be getting bigger? We should go get it checked." Oscar was not stupid. He had been suspicious of her growing belly.

Amelia's heart skipped a beat. She smiled at him seductively. "Are you suspecting that I'm with child, Mr. Clinton?"

Oscar nodded.

"If I am really pregnant, will you insist on an abortion?"

Oscar hesitated. As Amelia's heart began to sink, he replied, "You can give birth to the child, but if we do get a divorce in the future, the child stays with the Clintons."

Amelia was taken aback. She smiled and said, "If I give birth to a son for your family, do I get more benefits when we get a divorce?"

Oscar said, "If you give birth to a son, I'll give you an extra ten million when we get divorced. It will be your compensation for severing all ties with the child."

Amelia was unfazed. She simply walked over to the cupboard, put on a dress, and went back to the bed. She looked at Oscar and smiled. "Mr. Clinton, you've always been generous to your women. I'm heartened and thankful that you're still willing to

treat your possible ex-wife so well. It's a pity that I'm really not pregnant. But if you're really worried, we can go to the hospital."

Oscar still had his doubts. "Are you really not pregnant?"

"If you don't believe me, we can just get it checked to quell your suspicions."

Oscar shook his head. "I'll take your word for it."

Amelia laughed. "If there's nothing else, I'll be heading over to Tiff's and may not be back tonight."

Amelia pecked him on the cheek. "Bye, Mr. Clinton. I've satisfied your needs, so don't miss me too much tonight. Well, if you can't take it, feel free to meet Ms. Yard, although I just have one condition. Please don't bring her back here. I don't want the smell of other women in our house."

Oscar grabbed her as she was about to leave. "Are you really not coming back tonight?"

She shook her head. "Be a good boy and don't miss me too much."

She then freed herself from his grasp and drove straight to Tiffany's place.

Over at Tiffany's, Amelia made herself at home and got herself a drink from the fridge. She barely took a sip when the drink was taken away.

Amelia looked at Tiffany strangely. "What's wrong, Tiff?"

Tiffany handed her a glass of warm milk. "You're pregnant, drink this instead. You shouldn't be drinking cold drinks anymore."

Amelia took the cup and sat on the couch, looking troubled.

Tiffany sat beside her. "What's the matter?"

Amelia took a sip of the milk then replied softly, "The Clintons are suspecting that I'm pregnant."

Tiffany was not surprised. She replied calmly, "You're almost five months pregnant and your belly is already showing. Even though your skinny frame makes it less

obvious, only a fool can't tell that you're pregnant. The fact that the Clintons haven't actually brought you to the hospital yet shows how much they trust you."

Amelia fell silent. Of course, she knew that.

Tiffany continued, "You won't be able to hide your belly anymore in another month. When the time comes, you'll only have two choices. You can either give birth to the child, wait for the divorce and lose custody of the child, or you can go for an abortion. You won't like the outcome no matter what. Just make a choice now. You've been talking about the divorce for the past two months but nothing has happened until now."

Amelia was equally distraught. She said, "It was Oscar who brought up the divorce back then, but now he's the one saying he doesn't want a divorce anymore. We've been married for four years but I still don't know what's on his mind. His way of thinking is really strange, even I can't figure him out."

"What do you think then?"

"As long as he actually has feelings for me, I'm willing to do anything to deal with Cassie. Unfortunately... I think it's not worth it to change myself for a man who doesn't love me back."

Tiffany moved closer. "So, what then?"

"What do the Clintons have to say?"

"Mrs. Clinton has already suspected that I'm pregnant. As someone with experience, she definitely can tell; she just chose to trust my lie. Out of everyone in the Clinton family, she treats me the best. If I could, I would never lie to her. It's such a pity..."

Tiffany asked, "Amelia, have you become soft-hearted?"

Amelia smiled bitterly. "Now that I've experienced maternal love from the Clintons for four years, I couldn't really bear to leave them. Unfortunately, Oscar still hasn't opened his heart to me. Instead of seeing me for who I am, he simply regards me as a gold-digger and thinks that any issue can be resolved with money. It's pretty upsetting sometimes."

Tiffany poked her in the forehead. "Being together with Oscar has really lowered your IQ. He is determined to divorce you. Do you seriously want to abort my godchild or give them to the Clintons without being able to see them ever again?"

Amelia glanced at her and kept a straight face. She then changed the topic. "Tiff, do you know why I chose to work in Carter's company?"

Tiffany gave her a strange look. Amelia continued, "Newcomers in his company will have to go to Saspiuburg for eight months of training. Aside from being able

to call home, employees are prohibited from meeting their friends and family until after the eight months."

Tiffany frowned. "That's really twisted."

Amelia nodded in reply.

Tiffany continued, "Carter's indeed twisted. No wonder his company's rules are so messed up."

Amelia was distressed. That was clearly not the main point.

Tiffany sneered at Carter then got back to her point. "Are you saying that you plan to take advantage of this training period to give birth at Saspiuburg?"

Amelia nodded.

Tiffany looked at her in admiration. "Not bad, Babe. I thought you'd been so blinded by your love for Oscar that you lost your brains. I didn't expect that you already had everything planned out. I applaud you. I was right to make friends with you after all."

Amelia smiled helplessly. "Don't flatter me like that. I'm no strategist. If I were that smart, I would never have given my heart to a man who doesn't love me back."

Tiffany snorted, "That's not a big issue. Just go get your heart back."

Amelia hugged a cushion and said, "Tiff, if my heart was so easy to get back, I wouldn't be here acting like an idiot right now, thinking that having his child would be enough to make him mine."

Tiffany looked at her and hesitated. She said, "Amelia, what do you mean by this?"

"I mean that I once thought of using my child and Olivia's support to make Oscar stay by my side. But after thinking about it again, I realized that I'm pretty good looking, so why force myself to endure such a tiring thing?"

Tiffany glanced at Amelia. "When are you going to Saspiuburg?"

"Carter told me that as long as I report to work tomorrow, I'll be employed right away and I'll be heading to Saspiuburg in five days."

"That soon?"

Amelia hugged the cushion tighter. "Yeah, but I requested for that. According to normal procedures, the others would have to do a three-month internship before they get assessed on their design skills and become full-time employees. Only after another month of work will they then go over to Saspiuburg for the training. I managed to get this job because of my connections, so Carter has allowed me to skip the internship and begin full-time immediately."

"He's finally doing something good with the power that he has. But this is okay too. You can avoid the Clintons finding out about your pregnancy while trying to let go of your feelings for Oscar."

Amelia replied with a smile, "Tiff, don't worry about me. I love Oscar, but not to the point that I don't know what I'm doing. I still know what's best for myself. I'm not sure why Oscar suddenly doesn't want a divorce, but I won't let him harm my child."

Tiffany nodded. Her eyes widened as she stared at Amelia. Confused, Amelia asked, "Tiff, what's with that look?"

Tiffany laughed. "I'll go to Saspiuburg with you."

"I'm going to work. Why are you going there?"

Tiffany replied defiantly, "I'm going there to take care of you, of course. Don't forget that I'm the child's godmother. Godmothers are mothers too, so I have a duty to take care of my child."

Amelia did not know what to do with her.

"Tiff, stop joking around. Didn't your editor pressure you to submit your manuscript just a few days ago? Are you sure your editor won't chase after you if you follow me

to Saspiuburg just like that?"

Tiffany suddenly pulled her hair and lay down on the couch.

Amelia got a shock. "Tiff, what are you doing?"

"Babe, I was trying to avoid thinking about it. Why did you have to bring it up?"

Amelia laughed. "Out of ideas again?"

Tiffany thrashed around in annoyance, looking like a mess after she composed herself.

"Babe, you don't understand. I'm stuck at the ending of the fantasy novel I'm writing now. I don't know if I should make it a happy ending or a sad ending. I want to write a sad ending but I have a feeling that my readers will kick up a fuss if I give them another sad ending."

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Chapter 44

"Babe, do you know every word written by a great novelist comes from deep within his or her soul? I will be devastated if my novel is ruined because of a badly written finale. I cannot allow that!" Tiffany mourned in despair, hands clasping her head.

Bemused, Amelia asked, "Is it that bad?"

"How could you ask such a dumb question? I thought you knew me best," grumbled

Tiffany

"Let me read the manuscript of your latest fantasy novel. I will give you some feedback," Amelia offered.

Tiffany's eyes lit up immediately. She snapped her fingers and exclaimed, "Babe, you are the best!"

Amelia read through Tiffany's manuscript. She could see that the latter had a natural flair for writing. The novel was well crafted, with a captivating plot. It was no surprise that her books were always snapped up once they hit the stores, allowing her to become a best-selling author.

"Tiff, I think this fantasy novel is amazing! However, as a reader, I would prefer a happy ending. All your previous novels had sad endings. Readers may get tired of that. Moreover, the male and female leads went through so much together. Your readers and I will protest if you let the female lead be annihilated. I demand a happy ending for this novel. Otherwise, you're annihilating our decades of friendship as well!" Amelia threatened.

"Babe, is that threat necessary? It's just a novel's ending. Well, since you've asked for a happy ending, you'll get a happy ending," Tiffany promised.

Satisfied, Amelia nodded and leaned back lazily on the couch. "Tiff, I'm spending the night with you and I will head to the office from here tomorrow morning."

"Why, welcome home, Babe. This is your home too. You can stay here anytime you want," Tiffany said.

The two gals spent the night chatting in bed till midnight before nodding off. On the other hand, Oscar found himself alone in bed and was having trouble falling asleep. He took out his phone and started writing: *Woman, where are you? Do come back soon. I*

need to talk to you.

Yet upon consideration, he deleted the message without sending it.

his smile faded. Composing himself, he answered the call. "Hello, Cassie."

"Oz, did I wake you?" Cassie's soft voice was heard from the other end of the line.

"No issue. For you, anytime," Oscar assured her.

Cassie was elated to hear that. "Oz, you are the best! I hope Ms. Winters is not woken up by my call at this hour."

"She's not in today. I'm here by myself, so no worries," Oscar reassured gently.

That was followed by prolonged silence.

"Cassie, are you still there?" Oscar was baffled that she suddenly went silent over the line.

"Yes, I'm here." Cassie finally spoke again. "Since Ms. Winters is not in, can I go visit you? I'm a little scared of being alone in the hotel. I wish you're here with me."

Oscar cast aside that proposal and offered to go over to her place instead.

"Oz, you haven't invited me to your place since I came back. You kept saying you love me, yet you're reluctant to let me visit you at home," Cassie whined in an aggrieved tone.

Oscar kept to his stance and repeated his question, "Where are you, Cassie? I will go over to you."

"Oz, Ms. Winters is not home. It's the perfect opportunity for me to tour your new home. Or maybe you never wanted me to visit you in the first place.." Cassie wilfully pushed for it.

Oscar frowned a little but kept his cool and cajoled her, "Cassie, be a good girl. Tell me where you are and I will go over to you."

Cassie stubbornly wanted her way. "Oz, I insist on visiting you at your home. If you

love me, then don't give me any more excuses. It's either I go over tonight or I'll head back to Erihal immediately. Who cares about being Mrs. Clinton."

Oscar's face fell. He loved Cassie and was an indulgent lover. However, there was a limit to how much he could tolerate unreasonable demands. Cross that line and he would not hesitate to rein her in.

"Cassie, you have crossed the line," Oscar said sullenly.

After a bout of silence, Cassie asked, "You don't love me anymore, do you?"

Oscar softened his voice and comforted her, "That is not true. Let me know where you are and I will be there."

Cassie persisted, "Oz, all I wanted is to take a look at your house. You have always acceded to all my requests in the past."

"Cassie, stop this nonsense. Tell me where you are, now," Oscar said impatiently.

"No, Oz. You don't love me. You have never loved me. If you do, you will not reject my simple request to visit you at home repeatedly," Cassie cried. "I had a bright future in Erihal but I gave it all up to come back to you. Between music and you, I chose you. And this is how you repay my sacrifices!"

Oscar tensed up and clenched his phone. He disliked unreasonable women. If not for his love for Cassie, he would have hung up on her. "Cassie, you know my feelings for you. But if you insist on being wilful, then I can only choose to let you go back to Erihal. Four years ago, you did not spare a thought for me and left me on the eve of our wedding. I took it as a sign that it was all over between us."

Noticing her silence, he continued, "It's getting late. Do have an early rest. We'll chat again when you are more rational after a good sleep."

Cassie panicked. "Hang on, Oz! I know I was being wilful. I am just so jealous that Ms. Winters gets to sleep by your side while I have to stay in a hotel. I had a few drinks and jealousy got the better of me. Please... could you keep me company? I am staying at Hotel Van Hutton."

Her confession melted Oscar's heart. He truly loved her. Even if that love had somewhat diminished with time, she still had a special place in his heart. He could not bear to disappoint her.

Oscar drove to Hotel Van Hutton. Her room was on the twenty-first floor. The door opened immediately after he rang the bell. Cassie, dressed in a bathrobe, flung herself into his arms. "Oz, you are not angry anymore, are you?"

Oscar was amazingly collected. He lumbered into the room with Cassie still clung to him. He closed the door, held her slightly apart, and said, "The AC is set so low. You should have put on thicker clothes lest you catch a cold."

"Oz, you were so harsh over the phone. I was terrified! I was so afraid you would leave me because of my wilfulness. Thank goodness you came," Cassie cried out in anguish.

Oscar saw her half-exposed shoulder and persuaded, "Go get dressed before you catch a cold."

Cassie obediently got dressed, looking sweet in a pink dress. She took a bottle of 1982 vintage wine and two glasses and walked toward Oscar. "Mind having a drink with me?"

Oscar was about to take the wine from her hand but Cassie cheekily hid it. She smiled flirtatiously. "Oz, why don't you take a shower first? I want to set up a cozy ambience for us."

Oscar was unmoved by the sight of a blushing ever-gorgeous Cassie. Surprisingly, he was even a little upset, feeling that the latter was disgracing herself. The irony that he was not aroused by the seduction of his beautiful lover had not hit home yet.

He stood up, took the wine, and said, "Cassie, be a good girl. You should not be drinking at this late hour. Rest early. I will stay here with you while you sleep."

Cassie was dumbfounded. She had set aside her dignity to seduce him, but what made it worse was his disinterest. That has to be the biggest insult to a woman.

"Oz, you rejected my request to visit your place. Now, you won't even have a drink with me. Do you really love me?" Cassie tearfully asked, deeply hurt.

Cassie believed that a man would always be attracted to a submissive woman who idolized him. That would bring out a man's protective nature and in return, the woman would be pampered. She knew how to act that part and was good at it.

Oscar put the wine down and hugged Cassie. "You got it wrong, Cassie. I meant well.

Cassie buried her face in his chest and softly requested, "Oz, just one drink with me and I will go to bed after that, okay?"

Oscar nodded and agreed.

"Then go get a shower while I do the candlelight setting." Cassie pulled away from Oscar and playfully pushed him into the bathroom. "Have a nice shower. I have a big surprise for you later." She smiled sweetly at him.

Oscar reluctantly but duly took a shower. When he came out of the bathroom, he found the room bathed in warm flickering candlelights. Cassie, looking even more stunning in this light, walked toward him demurely. "Oz, do you find me beautiful? Let's make this our wedding night."

Oscar took a glance at her and nonchalantly said, "Cassie, stop your nonsense. Finish your drink and go to bed. No more mischief from you."

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 45

Chapter 45

Cassie's head drooped and there was a flash in her eyes. When she looked back up, she was back to her innocent, bubbly self.

"Oz, come sit with me. Don't worry. I'm not going to harm you. Even if something should happen, isn't it always the woman who's at a disadvantage? I'm not even afraid, so why should you be?" Cassie sat Oscar down and brought him his glass of wine. "Go ahead and try it. Let me know if you like the taste."

With a practiced hand, Oscar swirled his wine to release its aromas. He then brought the glass to his lips and took a sip, savoring it slowly. "This wine is good. It's full bodied and rich."

Cassie laughed. "Good, good. You should drink more then."

The two of them continued to chat and drink through the night. Even though he could usually hold his liquor, Oscar was starting to feel the buzz from the wine. He tried to stand up, only to fall back into his chair.

Concerned, Cassie made her way toward him. "Are you drunk? Let me take you to the bed."

Oscar wanted to swat her away but found himself too weak to do anything. He gave in and let Cassie lead him to bed. As she reached out to remove his clothes, he suddenly grabbed her hands. "Oz, you're drunk. I'm taking your clothes off so you can sleep more comfortably," she said softly.

Oscar stared at her with glassy eyes.

A sly smile lit up Cassie's face. "I'll make you feel even more comfortable in a while. After tonight, I will officially be your woman."

She reached up to caress Oscar's face. "Don't blame me for setting you up, Oz. I was just so afraid of losing you to Amelia. You keep telling me you love me, but you refuse to be intimate with me. You left me no choice but to do things my way. Once this night is over, you're mine forever."

Oscar was still staring at her in his drunken state when he suddenly muttered, "Amelia."

This came like a bolt from the blue and Cassie froze.

"You keep saying you no longer love her, but even in this drunken and drugged state, you're still calling out her name." Cassie felt her rage boiling over and started tearing at Oscar's clothes. "I was going to drug you further, but I held back for fear of side effects. How could you still call out her name? Do you know how much this hurts me?"

Oscar continued muttering, "Amelia, you're home? Let's go to bed then." He was about to sit up and pull Cassie into bed, but he couldn't muster an ounce of energy to do so.

"Amelia, what's wrong with me?" he asked quizzically.

Cassie gathered all her strength to remove Oscar's clothes before stripping herself down. As she straddled him, Oscar pushed her away in frustration. "Go away. You stink"

Cassie was ashamed, embarrassed, and angry. She had people fawning over her since she was a child and never had she ever been shamed like this. And to be humiliated by the man who claimed to love her? This made Cassie even more furious.

She grabbed his face and gave a sultry whisper, "What's the matter, Oz? Don't be such a grump. Let's go to bed."

Oscar snored away, dead to the world.

Cassie's face turned dark. She was not at all amused.

"Oscar Clinton, you keep saying you love me, and yet you've been humiliating me. The more you push me away, the more I want to become yours. Mark my words. I'll make sure I'm the only woman in your life from now on."

Cassie was about to lean down and plant a kiss on Oscar's lips when he suddenly muttered, "Amelia, I don't want a divorce. I think I'm in love with you." He even had

on such a dopey smile as he said that, a stark contrast from the cool, authoritative demeanor he always had.

Cassie was seething. She leaned into his ear and whispered, "Oz, I'll make you fall in love with me again."

She got off the bed and took out a packet of human blood from the wardrobe. It was one that she had purchased from the hospital. She tore a small opening and dripped a few drops onto the bed.

She dumped the remaining blood into the toilet and flushed it away.

Cassie then got back into bed and calmly lay on Oscar. "I hope you dream of me tonight."

The next day, Oscar woke up to see Cassie still asleep and snuggled against his chest. He saw that they were both naked and guessed as much as to what they might have done. What he didn't understand was why he couldn't remember anything about getting intimate with her.

He hated this feeling. He was even a little disgusted by it. Oscar wondered if Cassie had set him up but promptly ruled that out. She was far too innocent to be this scheming. This was all probably just a misunderstanding.

Oscar was still contemplating it when Cassie stirred. She met his gaze with red, puffy eyes. "Oz, you got so drunk last night you forced me into bed. No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't snap you out of it. You've promised me you wouldn't hurt me, and yet you were so rough last night. I cried and tried to stop you but you just wouldn't listen."

Having said that, she broke into tears.

Oscar frowned but still hugged her gently. "Now, now, don't cry. It was my fault that I got stupid drunk and did what I did. I promise I'll take full responsibility."

Cassie leaned into his chest. "You were really rough with me last night and it hurt. I won't blame you though. I already knew I was going to save myself for you ever since we started dating. You wanted to wait till we got married and I was fine with that too. Now that you've taken my virginity, I'm officially yours. You can't let me down now."

Oscar's gaze shifted to the drops of blood left on the bed and felt a surge of pity toward Cassie. "Don't worry," he said softly. "I'll take responsibility for this. You're now my woman, and I won't let anyone bully you."

Cassie gave a quick, self-satisfied smile. "I won't force you to divorce either, Oz. But the way you were last night... There wasn't any protection used. What if you got me pregnant? I don't want my baby to be an illegitimate child."

Oscar had a mix of emotions swirling inside him now. To be honest, he had always dreaded the prospect of marrying Cassie. He was aware of how often he professed his love for her but getting married was a whole other deal. He would usually suppress these thoughts and emotions, but now they were boiling over.

He had been in the business world for so long. The fact that he could bring their family business to even greater heights just showed how clever and capable he was. Yet now he had to convince himself that he loved Cassie? Had Cassie tricked him? Had he lost to her?

"Oz? What's wrong? Why aren't you saying anything? Are you disgusted by me now and regret your promise to marry me? You know I'm not that kind of woman, right? If you really don't wish to marry me, I won't force you either. We'll cut all ties, and I'll go back to Erihal. Even if I do have your child, I'll raise him myself."

Before the teary-eyed Cassie could leave the bed, Oscar stopped her and hugged her tight. "You've misunderstood me, Cassie. I was just thinking about stuff earlier. I'll make good on my promise to get the divorce and marry you. You're the woman I've always longed for, and I won't ever let you down again."

"I'm so relieved to hear that," Cassie replied gently. "Why don't you take a shower before going to work? I have to meet my team too. There might be a recital to attend tonight."

Oscar nodded. "This is your first time with a man. If you feel uncomfortable in any way, don't hesitate to tell me, okay?"

"Oz, I know."

When Oscar had gotten into the bathroom, Cassie picked up his phone and dialed Amelia's number. Once the call got through, she said gleefully, "Ms. Winters, it's me. I'm pregnant with Oscar's child, so if you're smart about it, I suggest you quickly get the divorce done. You don't want to humiliate yourself now, do you?"

On the other end of the call, Amelia was cool as a cucumber, "Are you with him now?"

"How else would I be using his phone? He called me over to your house last night after you left. It may not be as grand as the Clinton residence, but it's still got a nice, homely touch to it. I quite like it, to be honest. Oh, I just can't wait to live there with Oscar and our child! We'll be so happy together!"

Cassie was so good at putting on that saccharine voice of hers, but Amelia remained cool as ever.

"Ms. Yard, are you done? If there's nothing else, I'll be hanging up now. I've still got work to do. I don't have time for your nonsense."

With that, Amelia ended the call.

Cassie grinned at the phone smugly. "Amelia Winters, let's see how long you can put on this brave front. Oz is mine! You're merely a substitute, so scam as far as you

The new lover laughs, while the old lover weeps.

Amelia, who was already at work, was still clutching her phone tightly. She was so crestfallen and distracted that she didn't even realize Carter was now standing in front of her.

Carter sat her down on the couch and asked gently, "Amelia, are you okay?"

She snapped back to reality and forced a smile. "I'm fine."

Carter always had such a pleasant smile. He was a true gentleman and Amelia felt comfortable around him.

"Amelia, we've been friends for so long. You can confide in me if you don't mind."

She shook her head. "It's fine, Mr. Scott. It's office hours now, and I'd prefer to keep my personal and professional life separate."

"Don't worry. Have you forgotten that I'm the boss? I can do whatever I like. No one can stop me." Carter chuckled.

Amelia retorted, "All the more you should be leading by example. How else can you expect the company to have faith in you? If there's nothing else, I'd like to get back to work now."

As she prepared to leave, Carter grabbed her hand. "You don't look so well though. Why don't you stay for a bit and let me make you some tea? You can get back to work once you're feeling better. I can't possibly let people think I'm overworking the newcomer."

Amelia couldn't help but break into a smile. "Mr. Scott, you're always such a joker."

Carter made a cup of warm tea and brought it to her. "This is my office, Amelia. You don't have to be so formal. Please, call me Carter."

Amelia accepted the tea from him with a polite smile. "There are still company rules and etiquette to follow. I can't let there be rumors about the newcomer getting special treatment from the boss. It's bad enough that they know I got this job through personal connections. Imagine how much more pissed off they'd be if I acted all arrogant around here."

After all, being in the workforce means having to take extra caution with every word you say and every step you take.

Love You Enough to Leave You Chapter 46

Chapter 46

Surviving in a workplace is akin to trying to win in a reality show. One has to be smooth and slick in order to defeat one's opponents and reach the coveted spot.

After chatting for a while, Carter stood up. "Come on, I'll introduce you to your colleagues. Get to know them now so it'll be easier to ask them for help in the future. I'll get your training in Saspiuburg planned as soon as possible. I'll also rent an apartment there so you can get enough rest, especially now that you're pregnant."

Amelia was thoroughly moved. "Thank you, Mr. Scott. I'm truly grateful for all your help. I'll definitely return this favor once my baby is born."

"Oh, come on now. We're friends, aren't we? There's no need to return favors. (This novel will be daily updated at)But if you really want to show your appreciation, perhaps you could let me be your child's godfather?"

"It's not enough to rely on our parents in this day and age; we'd also need godparents. My child is so fortunate to have you already asking to be his godfather. With your generosity and support, I'm sure he'd be more than set for life," Amelia teased.

Carter gazed longingly at Amelia, mesmerized by her smile. "Amelia, if you do get that divorce, will you give me a chance to stay by your side?"

Amelia was stunned silent.

Carter held her hand. "I've been in love with you for a long time now. You have no idea how happy I was when you came to me in your moment of need, even though I knew you were married. But when you said you wanted to attend the training in Saspiuburg despite being pregnant, I guessed things between you and your husband weren't as rosy as I thought they would be. I really hope to be given a chance if you do get that divorce," he said sincerely.

Amelia pulled her hand back in shock. "Mr. Scott, may I remind you that we're at work. I don't think it's appropriate to talk about this here. If there's nothing else, I'd like to go back to work now."

Without any hesitation, Carter grabbed her arm again. "Please, Amelia, don't be scared. I really love you. I've felt like that since the first time I laid eyes on you.

Even after you got married, I still couldn't get you out of my mind. And please, as long as you agree to be with me, I promise to care for your child as my own."

"You're my friend, Mr. Scott, and I appreciate your kindness." Amelia turned and stared coldly at him. (This novel will be daily updated at) "However, I'm still married. I hope our relationship can maintain its status quo. But if you don't think we can remain as friends, I'll have to resign and cut all ties with you."

Seeing the indignant look plastered on Amelia's face, Carter sighed deeply. "I'm very sorry, Amelia. I was too impulsive. Please don't be mad at me."

"You've helped me a lot, and I'm really grateful to have you as a friend. You're handsome, rich, and capable; surely there are scores of women lining up to date you. I'll take what you said earlier as another one of your jokes. No matter what the outcome of my marriage may be, as long as I'm still legally married, I will not think of other men. Just so you know, I do cherish this marriage very much. I'll do whatever it takes to get my husband back."

Carter saw the fire in her eyes as she said that, and it hurt him deeply. "Even if you knew he had another woman outside, you'd still turn a blind eye to that?"

Amelia shot daggers at him. "You investigated me?"

"No, it wasn't that. I just wanted to find out how you were doing," Carter pleaded. "I never thought you'd marry the heir to the Clinton Corporations. It's not easy for any woman to marry into a family as powerful as the Clintons. I was concerned about you, so I investigated Oscar Clinton. It was only then I realized he was having an affair with the daughter of the Yard family. But you already knew that, didn't you?"

"Thank you for your concern, Mr. Scott. But you don't have to worry about my family matters."

"Have I pissed you off?"

"If you were to find out that someone had investigated you and dug out everything about your family, wouldn't you be mad too?"

"I'm sorry! I meant no harm. I just wanted to make sure you were happy," Carter apologized profusely.

Amelia sighed, calming herself down. (This novel will be daily updated at) "I may also have been too harsh toward you. I'm sorry, Mr. Scott."

"Does that mean we're even?"

Amelia nodded and smiled.

Carter led Amelia out and introduced her to his other employees. Even though his company was relatively new, they'd experienced impressive growth. They had almost fifty employees to date, all of whom were talented in their own rights. Some had graduated from Ivy League schools, others had studied abroad, and some even had design awards under their belt.

Just this month alone, besides Amelia, they'd also hired four other employees who hailed from Ivy League universities. Two of them were handsome and charismatic men, while the other two bespectacled women were young and pretty.

Having noticed Carter with Amelia, everyone stood up and focused their attention on her. It was a mixed bag of reactions. Some were curious, some were checking her out, some envied her, and as always, some were jealous of her.

Amelia tried to ignore their looks while she stood quietly beside Carter.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is your new colleague in the design department. She and I go way back, so I don't want anyone bullying her. She used to be a top design student, and I had to put in a great deal of effort to get her to join us. Now, let's put our hands together to give Amelia a warm welcome!"

A huge round of applause followed.

Amelia flashed a smile and took a bow. "Hello everyone, I'm Amelia Winters. I'm probably older than most of you here. What Mr. Scott said earlier about me being a top design student was an exaggeration. I do have a few years of design experience, but due to some reasons, I've not done any design work for almost four years now. I'm not sure if I'd be able to catch up with you, so I'm going to need all your help from here on out."

Once she finished her speech, she was greeted by another round of applause.

The male employees were smitten by Amelia's beauty and humility. One of them boldly asked, "Do you have a boyfriend?"

"Why? Is that supposed to be work-related?" Amelia teased.

Everyone laughed in response.

The same male colleague continued, "We should be counting our lucky stars that someone as beautiful as you has joined our department. I think we can all agree that you're the ultimate goddess. We know we're out of your league, but watching you work your design magic would be a great motivation for us."

All the other ladies in the design department shot him a death stare. (This novel will be daily updated at)“Are you asking for a beating, Dave?”

Dave merely shrugged. “All of you ought to learn from Amelia. She’s beautiful and refined, a true work of art.”

“Oh, you... you’ll get it from us after work!” the ladies exclaimed.

Carter clapped his hands to call for silence. “All right, all right. Settle down. I’ll leave Amelia in your good hands. Just remember that she’s an old friend of mine. If I hear about anyone bullying her, I will not be nice about it.”

Dave jumped in again. “Don’t worry, Mr. Scott. No one will bully the goddess. We’re curious though. When are the two of you getting married? And when you do, please invite all of us!”

Carter glanced at him and stated matter-of-factly, “I remember you still have a design to submit to me. When can I expect your submission?”

“Sorry, Mr. Scott. I shouldn’t have crossed the line,” Dave replied sheepishly.

Carter looked really terrifying when he got angry. “I’m giving you till this afternoon. If the design you submit is still not to my liking, I’m sure you know what to do.”

Dave was now all flustered. He quickly looked to Amelia for help. “My fair maiden, please have pity on me. Help me put in a good word with Mr. Scott, would you?”

Even though they were a little rowdy, Amelia did like the camaraderie in the design department.

She looked to Carter and said, “I’ll take it from here, Mr. Scott. Thank you.”

With a nod, Carter once again reminded everyone to treat Amelia well and walked out.

Once he was out of earshot, the ladies in the department immediately crowded

around Amelia. “Please tell us! What’s the relationship between you and Mr. Scott? Are you two dating?”

Amelia waved her hand in the air to show the sparkly diamond ring on her finger. “See, I’m already married. Mr. Scott and I are merely old friends. I only got this job because of my connections with him. So I’m not particularly proud of it. I hope you won’t mind either.”

No one had ever been this honest about using their personal connections to get into any company, (This novel will be daily updated at)so this revelation took everyone by surprise. "Don't think like that, Amelia. Mr. Scott wouldn't have assigned you to the design department if you didn't have the talent for it."

Another colleague piped up, "I remember Mr. Scott said he was planning on getting himself an assistant. Amelia, how did you end up joining the design department?"

"That was the initial plan he had because the design department was full then. But later he said he had already hired an assistant, so he decided to put me here instead," Amelia replied politely.

"Lucky for us then! Having you here immediately increases the attractiveness of our department."

"Excuse me, Dave? Are you insinuating that the rest of us ladies are unattractive?"

"Oh, those are your words, not mine. But you aren't wrong, so kudos to you lot for knowing that about yourselves." Dave smirked.

"Dave, you're such an ass! Give up already, Amelia's married!"

Dave clutched his chest and pretended to be in pain. "Amelia, my fair maiden, how I wish we had met earlier. Perhaps then I wouldn't be the single, lonely bachelor that I am today."

The only response that Dave got from that was a loud boo from his colleagues.

Her new colleagues were such a fun bunch to be around that Amelia was starting to feel better after that phone call with Cassie.

Time seemed to fly by when one was hard at work. Very soon, it had come to the end of the workday.

Amelia had just made her way down when a car drove up to her. She was still wondering if someone had made a mistake when the window rolled down and Carter stuck his head out.

"Get in, Amelia. I'll drive you home."

She was about to turn him down when Carter continued, "I know you didn't drive here today. Don't worry. My only intention is to get you home safe."

It wouldn't have been nice if she continued to reject his good intentions, so Amelia accepted the offer and got into the car. "Thank you for the ride home, Mr. Scott."

"Please, Amelia, we aren't at work now. Don't be a stranger," Carter remarked as he started the car.

Amelia finally broke out into a merry laugh. "All right, Carter. By the way, I didn't see you leave the office earlier. When did you get here?"

"I left the office at four to meet a client. I drove back after the meeting and just so happened to bump into you at the entrance."

"That's quite the coincidence."

Having come to a stop at a red light, Carter asked, (This novel will be daily updated at) "Assigning you to the design department was a last-minute decision. How are you doing so far?"